

FORTY CENTS

APRIL 1, 1966

TIME

THE ACTIVATED VICE PRESIDENT

THE

MAGAZINE

Boris Chaliapin

HUBERT
HUMPHREY

VOL. 87 NO. 13
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Shown: style 1498, Copperleaf, Grained Calf Blucher. Also in Blackcherry, 1496 and in Black, 1497. For nearest store, write Dept. T.

If you can't wait to get your shoes off,
try on a pair of these

IF YOU can't wait to get your shoes off when you get home from the office, Freeman CONTOUR CUSHION shoes were made for you.

CONTOUR CUSHION is a fancy name for an exclusive Freeman process that makes it possible for a dressy shoe to feel good on your feet.



• Molded heel cradles your heel
▼ cushioned instep eases your toe

This process molds the heel of the shoe so that it cups your heel. It cushions the instep to soak up shock even when you're walking on concrete pavement or a hardwood floor.

CONTOUR CUSHION is a Freeman exclusive. Ask for it by name. From \$19.95 to \$26.95 a pair.

FREEMAN

FREEMAN-TOOR CORPORATION
BEDFORD, WISCONSIN



Driving over bumps get you down...
and up and down and up and down?
Our four-wheel independent suspension straightens that out.

The new adjustable bucket seats are hand-tooled, deep-cushioned. They shape themselves to you, rather than vice-versa. (We'd also like to point out that they sit in a plush, fully-carpeted interior.)



The Triumph Spitfire Mk2 is longer, lower, wider, faster than anything in her price league. And that's a pretty fast league!



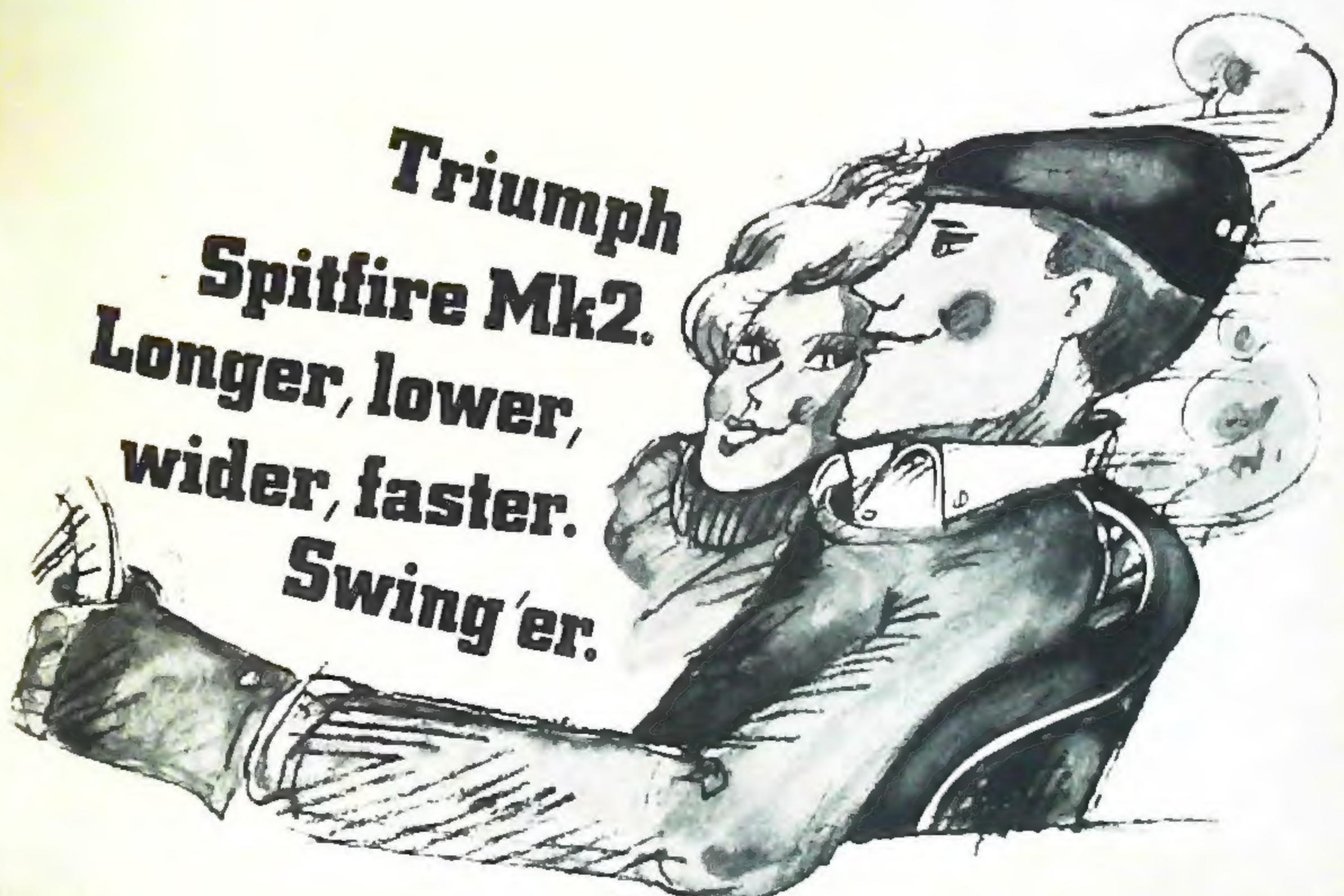
Like to hear something really racy? At the 1965 Le Mans, Spitfire GT's finished 1-2 in their class.

TRIUMPH

This is the sure sign of a real sports car. Accept no substitutes!

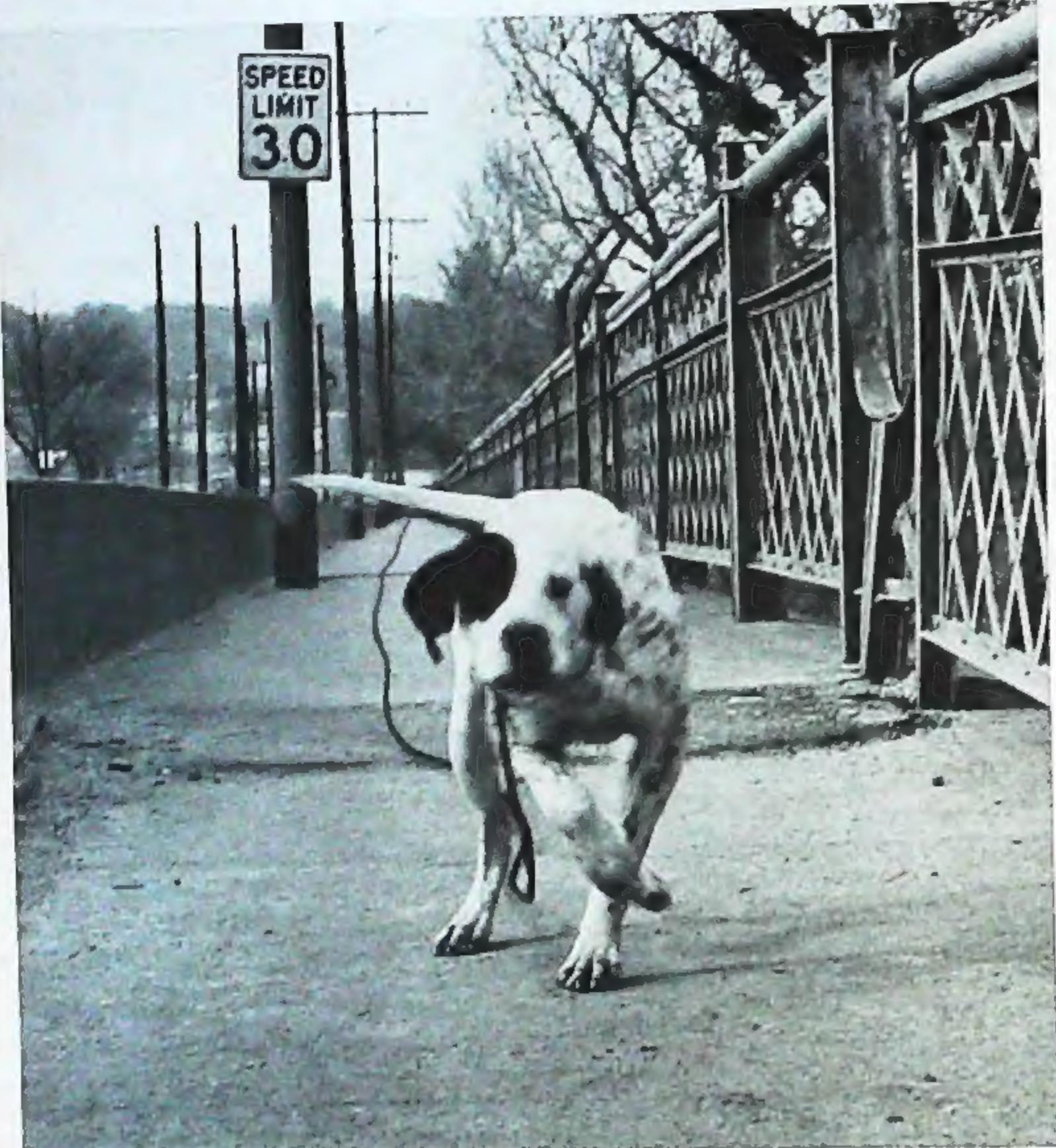


She also features four-speed shift, dependable disc brakes, tight 24-ft. turning circle, roll-up windows, electric windshield wipers, etc., etc., etc. For \$2140* that's a lot of etc.'s! *Suggested retail price P&O plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in the West. SCCA approved competition equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Available in Canada. Overseas delivery also available. Standard-Triumph Motor Company Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



Triumph
Spitfire Mk2.
Longer, lower,
wider, faster.
Swing'er.

How the "Duke of Des Moines" helped restore service to 10,000 telephone customers



Duke trots lightly across the dangerous span with a line tied to his collar.



This twisted, broken bridge kept hundreds of telephone men and women from enjoying Easter with their families.



A line crew in the cable pit painstakingly splicing thousands of wires in one cable to their mates in another.

On the Saturday before Easter, 1965, a section of the Sixth Avenue bridge in Des Moines, Iowa, collapsed with a roar into the flooded river below. Seven telephone cables beneath the bridge were broken. 10,000 telephones were silenced.

The bridge break was sudden and unexpected. But within minutes, telephone workers were rushing to restore service—hundreds of men and a dog.

The dog was Duke. And his first job was to help get an emergency cable across the treacherous, weakened section of the bridge still standing—which might go down under human weight.

Duke's owner, a telephone man, tied a light line to the dog's collar. Then he drove to the other side by another route and whistled for Duke. The dog came trotting eagerly across the span, bringing the line with him. This, in turn, was used to pull the first temporary cable across.

Fire stations, fire call boxes, state police headquarters and other essential phones were soon operating again.

Meantime, work went on around the clock. Special operators intercepted calls to the affected areas. Girls in service centers checked records, helped cable splicers identify customers' lines. On the spot, too, phone crews spliced thousands of lines, wire by wire.

By Easter morning, men, trucks and materials were arriving from all over Iowa. And just 8½ hours and 20 minutes after the bridge collapsed, 13,000 splices had been made and every phone was back in service.

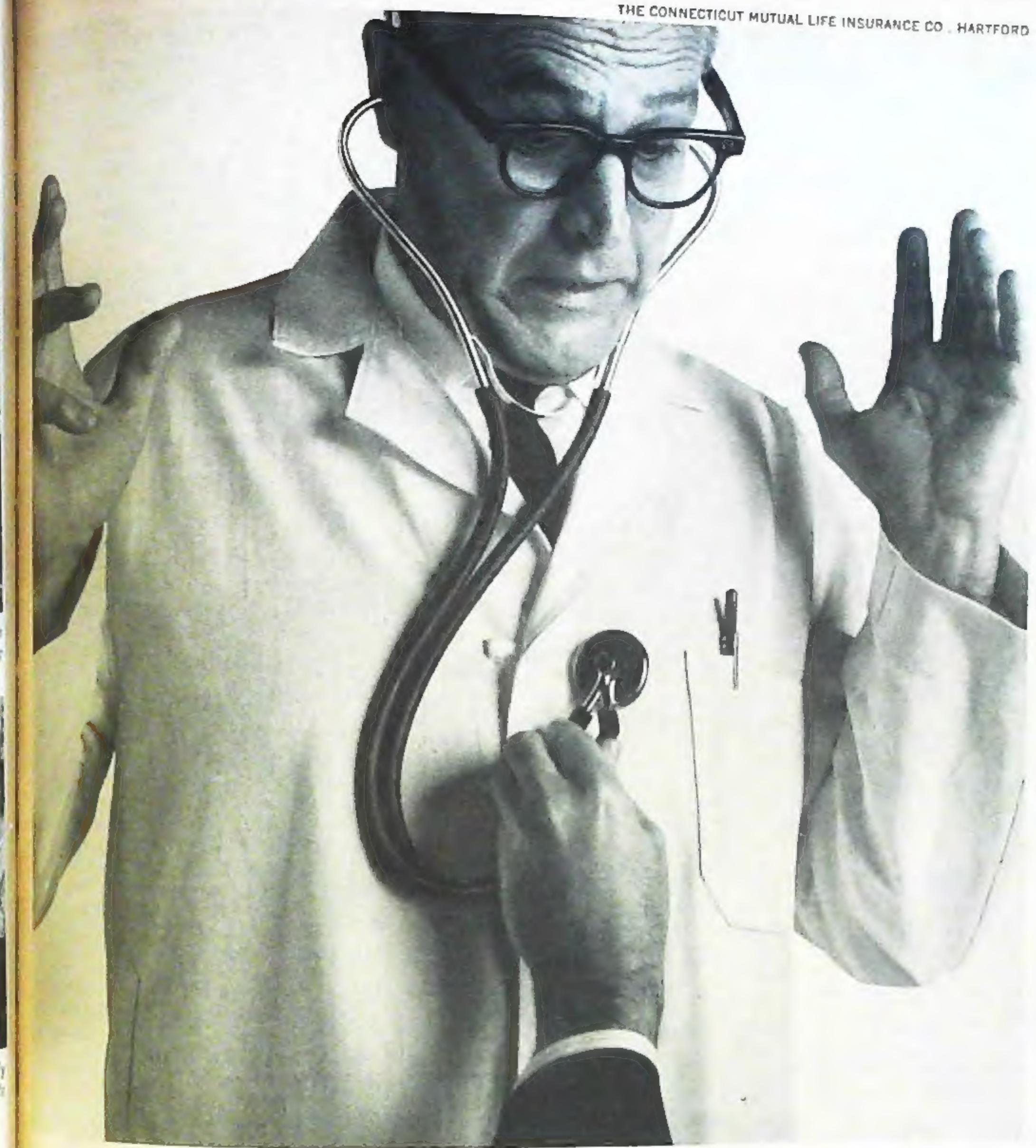
The Bell System meets many emergencies—floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, blackouts, traffic strikes. During 1965 alone, thousands of Bell System people pitched in to repair damage costing millions of dollars. And each emergency is handled as quickly and humanely as possible—as on that Easter in Des Moines.



Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., HARTFORD



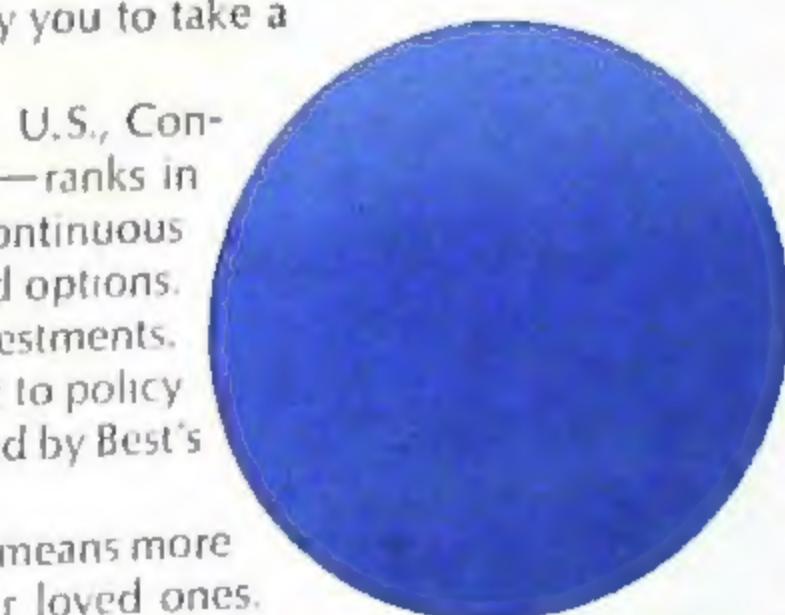
Examine the insurance company before it examines you

You'll find healthy differences in the 'Blue Chip' company!

Before you let any insurance company's doctor (including ours) zero in with his stethoscope, it will pay you to take a thoughtful look at that company.

Of the 1,600-odd life companies in the U.S., Connecticut Mutual—the 'Blue Chip' company—ranks in the very top bracket. In high dividends (continuous dividends for 120 years). In liberal benefits and options. In reserves for contingencies. In quality of investments. In low net cost. Connecticut Mutual's net cost to policy holders is remarkably low. This is substantiated by Best's Life Insurance Reports, industry authority.

Our financial health is a big plus for you. It means more dollars—for your retirement or to leave your loved ones.



Connecticut Mutual Life

The 'Blue Chip' company that's low in net cost, too.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 30

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, OR WHAT'S A NICE KID LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? (ABC, 8-9 p.m.)^{*} A Hanna-Barbera animated-cartoon special. Sammy Davis Jr. provides the voice of the Cheshire cat, Zsa Zsa Gabor that of the Queen of Hearts, Bill Dana the White Knight, and the late Hedda Hopper Madame Hatter.

COLOR ME BARBRA (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). The second Streisand special, which deliberately duplicates the successful format of the first. This time Streisand dances through a fantasy in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, swapping places with the paintings; she also clowns around a circus, doing a dance with some penguins, and winds up with a concert.

Thursday, March 31

THE SOUTH (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Music Man Robert Preston tours South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida, and Richard Kiley and Joan Fontaine read excerpts from the love letters of Andrew Jackson and his wife Rachel.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A program originating entirely in London, transmitted by Early Bird satellite and taped in the U.S. for slightly delayed replay. NBC News London Bureau Chief Elie Abel reports, and the Rt. Hon. David Brinkley translates.

Friday, April 1

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). It had to happen: "The Bat Cave Affair."

TRIALS OF O'BRIEN (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Tammy Grimes plays a nun who gets involved in a murder. This series, now on reruns and canceled for next season, got into ratings difficulty early in the season when it was opposite *Get Smart!* CBS, to give it the "benefit" of a more favorable time slot, moved it opposite *U.N.C.L.E.* Would you believe *Bonanza*?

Sunday, April 3

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.), "Integration in the Military," the history of integration in the U.S. armed forces, which began in the mid-1940's under the late James Forrestal, the U.S.'s first Secretary of Defense. The program also features filmed interviews with Negro and white soldiers in Viet Nam.

MARY MARTIN AT EASTERTIME WITH THE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) Gower (*Hello, Dolly!*) Champion directs Mary (*Hello, Dolly!*) Martin as the spirit of spring, a nun, a Rockette and a magician. Goodbye, Radio City!

Tuesday, April 5

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Another of those tests, this time on income taxes.

THEATER

On Broadway

WAIT A MINIMI is a South African musical revue that is light of heart, flip of wit, and full of such wondrously exotic instruments as the mbira, timbila and kalimba. The five-man, three-woman, all-white cast

is so remarkably gifted that it may never see Johannesburg again.

3 BAGS FULL, by Jerome Chodorov. Written in mock-Edwardian, directed like a six-day bike race, this adapted French farce is irresistibly droll, thanks chiefly to that dour master of ludicrous mayhem, Paul Ford.

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! Brian Friel applies the saving sponge of humor to the Irish sentiment that pours from his play, and Dubliners Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford, as twin images of the hero, stir up a fine farrago of laughter and tears.

SWEET CHARITY. Gwen Verdon, *dansante distinguée* of the U.S. musical stage, is fetchingly exuberant as a taxi dancer searching for a wagon for her unhitched star. Bob Fosse's choreography pumps vitality into Neil Simon's flabby book.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE. Middle age, joyless loves and his own irredeemable mediocrity have given John Osborne's anti-hero a screaming case of psychic jitters. Yet the play is armed with irascible wit, and Nicol Williamson's whiplash acting raises laughs as well as welts.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. With the cool ferocity of a mad scientist, Director Peter Brook conducts a controlled experiment in audience anxiety. Result: exciting theater that may scare the living daylights out of playgoers.

CACTUS FLOWER. France is fertile soil for sex farces, and Director Abe Burrows has deftly pruned this recent sprout to make it thrive in the Broadway landscape. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson reap a rich harvest of giggles and guffaws.

RECORDS

Instrumentalists

BACH: THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, BOOK 1 (3 LPs, Columbia). Glenn Gould is now halfway through Bach's magnificent "exercises," performing the first 24 preludes and fugues on the piano. There are times when Gould hams it up, and there are certainly too many of his infamous hums, but he makes the pieces spring to life with bold overall conceptions, marvelous technique and vaulting lines.

SAINT-SAËNS: CONCERTOS NOS. 2 AND 4 FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). The 31-year-old French pianist Philippe Entremont tosses off both virtuoso works with steel-fingered bravura. Saint-Saëns' flashy climaxes are mostly rhetoric, but as Entremont plays them they are satisfying to the ear, in the lyrical passages, he is able to draw a fine melodic line between melancholy and pathos. The brilliant splashes of orchestral color are furnished by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting.

DVORAK: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Deutsche Grammophon). Filled with Slav melodies and sharp folk rhythms, Dvorak's only violin concerto is nevertheless grandly designed, and is given a spirited, full-bodied performance by Edith Peinemann, a 29-year-old German violinist with a singing tone and a dancing bow. With the Czech Philharmonic.

SCARLATTI: 51 SONATAS (3 LPs, Cambridge). Harpsichordist Albert Fuller has made a representative but unbackhanded

selection of 16 early, 17 middle and late sonatas (though all were published after Scarlatti was 54). The pieces, pure like Bach's preludes and fugues, are nature marvels—many with a flamenco flavor—and Fuller dashes them off with bust energy and vivid coloration. Interpretations, however, lack the poise and variety that Fernando Valenti has to Scarlatti. Valenti has recorded 34 (346 sonatas), most of which are available on Westminster.

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTOS VOL 1 (3 LPs, Epic). The Hungarian-born Mozart pianist Lili Kraus plans to record all the piano concertos. Mozart's crowning achievement in instrumental music has begun with Nos. 12, 18, 20, 23, 24 and 26, all written after Mozart renounced Austria's greatest pianist, moved to Vienna. His playing was famed for its simple touch and exquisite taste. Eschewing broad contrasts and romantic rubato, Kraus emulates the 18th century master.

BRAHMS: SONATAS FOR CELLO AND PIANO NOS. 1 AND 2 (Mercury). Cellist Jan Starker and Pianist Gyorgy Sebok play the duets with the broad range of feeling demanded, especially in the great F major sonata (No. 2). But they never rhapsodize. Among his fellow romantics Brahms is a classicist; so, one gathers from the banked fires, is Starker.

CINEMA

DEAR JOHN. Love is considerably more than sin-deep in this tour de force of erotic realism by Swedish Director Lars von Trier. Lundgren, Jarl Kulle plays a sea captain, Christina Schollin the cafe waitress with whom he has a one-night affair; oddly, ennobles them both.

THE GROUP. Under the expert eye of Director Sidney Lumet eight young actresses rediscover the 1930s era in an irresistible drama based on Mary McCarthy's bitchy, colloquial bestseller about what happened to Susan's class of '33 after commencement day. Joan Hackett, Jessica Walter, Shirley Knight and Joanna Pettet are the active alumnae.

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH. The sum of colonialism in modern India colors a wistful and poetic film by U.S. Director James Ivory, who delicately explores a triangle among a young man (Shashi Kapoor), a native film star (Madhur Jaffrey) and an ingenue (Felicity Kendal) torn by the provinces with an English Shakespeare troupe.

THE LAST CHAPTER. Quietly narrated by Theodore Bikel, this collection of film clips avoids the mannered approach in recalling the almost universally poignant history of Poland's Jews.

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET. Drama burlesks the question of unrepentant guilt into a tranquil, back-occupied Silesian village in 1942. The ease of the avowedly apolitical Kroner family is put in charge of the business, and the fate of a shrewdly innocent old Jewish shopkeeper (Ida Kaminska).

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. A contradiction in terms, a truly Biblical film made by an unassuming Italian Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, who employs only nonprofessionals, and uses a script based entirely on Holy Writ.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX. How to make a little plane out of a big one, and make it crash in the Sahara. Surprisingly well-paced and acted by an international

The Dynapower distance secret

(Or: How Wilson Staff irons help cut the fairways down to size)



If you think you can get more power out of your irons by adding some weight to the back of the blade, you're probably right.

The trouble is, when you add extra weight to a club head you're likely to change the "feel" of the club, upset the rhythm of your swing, and add strokes to your score.

So far, the only people who have been able to add weight to the back of an iron successfully are the men who make Wilson Staff® irons.



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They do it by drilling dead weight out of the heel and putting it directly behind the hitting area, where it gives you more power.

That little lightweight rubber plug replaces the dead weight Wilson has removed.

Dynapower® is an exclusive Wilson clubmaking technique that is ten years old this year. It is still the best reason for joining the swing to Wilson Staff irons.



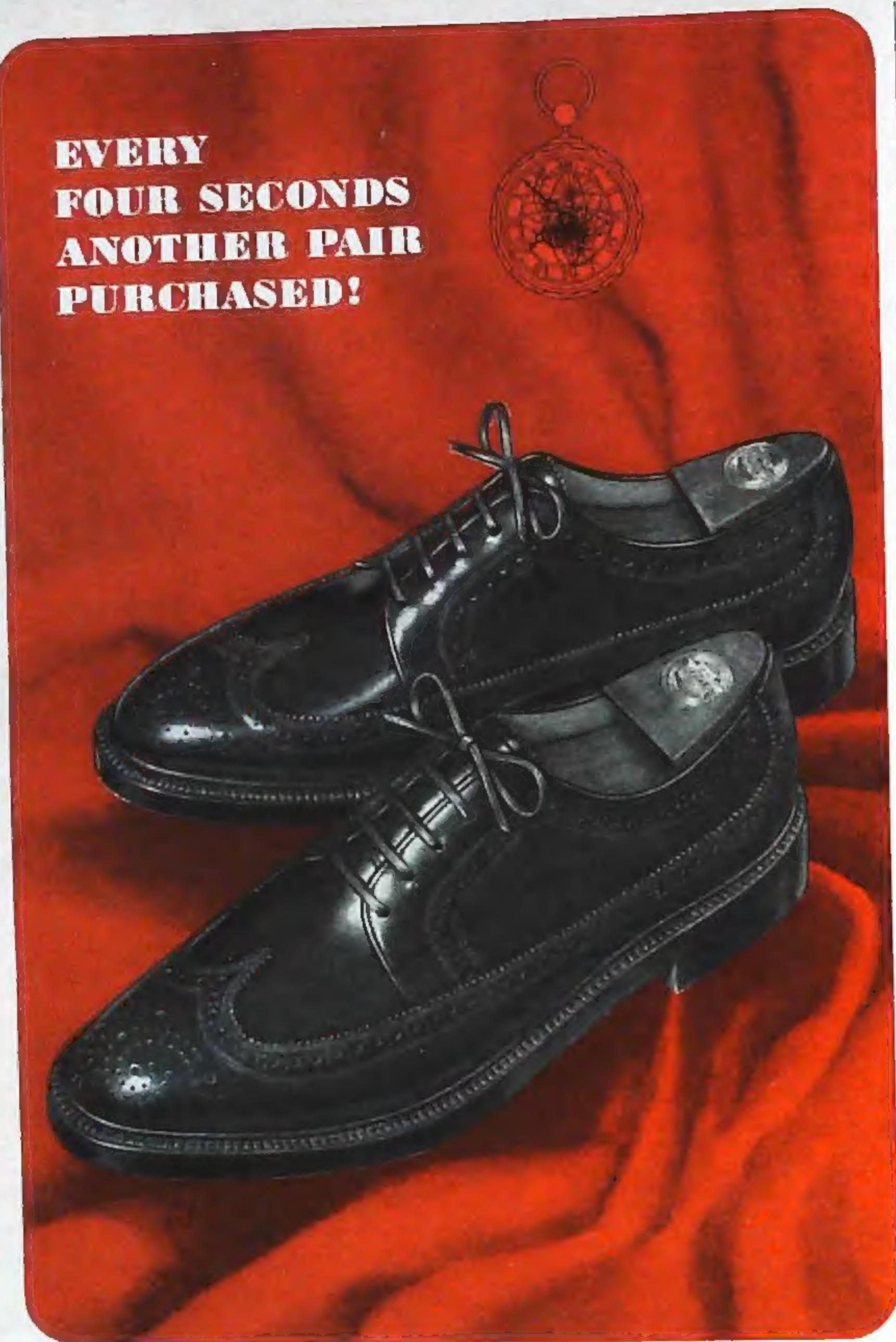
Next time you're in your golf professional shop, look for the irons with the little round rubber plug in the heel.

They're the best way yet to cut the fairways down to size.

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troupe of pros, including James Stewart, Hardy Kruger and Richard Attenborough, who struggle for survival against the sun, the sand and themselves.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD A grainy, gritty double exposure of the spy racket on both sides of the Berlin Wall. Richard Burton is brilliant as a Western burned-out case; Oskar Werner is pre-eminent prey from the East. Man Ritt (*Hud*) is responsible for the super direction.

BOOKS Best Reading

TOO FAR TO WALK, by John Hersey. Author Hersey's finely tuned reportorial eye is near-perfect, though his fictional sense is slightly askew, in this Faustian spot about a morose sophomore who temporarily strikes a bargain with the Devil.

THE DOUBLE IMAGE, by Helen MacInnes. This is Master Spywriter MacInnes' 18th book, and it continues her tradition of bestsellers. As usual, she throws a hero armed only with good manners and innocence up against a diabolical and dangerous gang of international spies. A fast-paced suspense tale.

BRET HARTE, by Richard O'Connor. Although his collected works fill 20 volumes, Harte (1836-1902) is best remembered for a day for a couple of short stories and one humorous poem. Biographer O'Connor gives Harte his due both as a literary figure and as a silken-mustachioed rascal who was once variously described by Mark Twain as a coward, a liar, a soldier, a born loafer and an s.o.b.

THE SADDEST SUMMER OF SAMUEL S. J. P. Donleavy. Once again Black Heartist Donleavy (*Ginger Man*) proves that he can make something of nothing—in this case, a non-hero who has worn out his Viennese psychiatrist and baffled a predatory countess and a girl tourist in his Kafkaesque progress to nothingness.

AUSTERLITZ, by Claude Manceron. A rousing re-enactment of the 1805 campaign in which Napoleon's battlefield genius, at the summit of its powers, shattered the combined forces of Russia and Austria.

GARIBALDI AND HIS ENEMIES, by Christopher Hibbert. Author Hibbert has drawn a clear and coherent portrait of the shirtless romantic who led Italy from confusion to nationhood a century ago.

Best Sellers

- FICTION**
1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
 2. *The Double Image*, MacInnes (9)
 3. *Valley of the Dolls*, Seaborn (5)
 4. *Those Who Love*, Stone (4)
 5. *The Embezzler*, Auchincloss (2)
 6. *The Comedians*, Greene (6)
 7. *Tell No Man*, St. John (10)
 8. *The Billion Dollar Brain*, Deighton (7)
 9. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (8)
 10. *The Lockwood Concern*, O'Hara (1)

NONFICTION

1. *In Cold Blood*, Capote (1)
2. *Games People Play*, Berne (5)
3. *The Last 100 Days*, Toland (3)
4. *The Proud Tower*, Tuchman (2)
5. *The Last Battle*, Ryan (2)
6. *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger (2)
7. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (1)
8. *Kennedy*, Sorenson (1)
9. *The Penkovskiy Papers*, Penkovskiy (9)
10. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Hoyar (8)

TIME, APRIL 1966

The Thunderbird Touch: An overhead Safety Convenience Panel



Ford

1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low, or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are an automatic Highway Pilot speed con-

Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD



Paris is for gourmets.

Air France is for gourmets who can't wait to get there. Air France is famous for its food because it's really French. We don't mean just French names on the menu...we mean authentic French cuisine prepared by authentic French chefs. Gourmets whose appetites won't wait invariably fly Air France. They know that waiting on board are the fruits of 2000 years of French culinary triumphs...and that should be authentic enough for anybody. So, food lovers of the world, arise! Come home with us to Paris on Air France. We fly more miles...to more destinations...than any other airline. See your Travel Agent or call us.

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Four things you can't do with a new Bell & Howell Super 8

You can't underexpose (or even overexpose)
Our new solid state Optronic® eye won't let you. Unlike the conventional electric eye, this system is located *behind the lens*, where the light hits the film. So you can get shots you never could get before, perfectly exposed, even when you go from bright sunlight to dark shade.

You can't run out of film unexpectedly.
A built-in film counter signals you when you're near the end of a roll of film, so you can plan your shots accordingly.

You can't miss that big scene.
No more flipping and fumbling in midreel. With the new Super 8 cartridge, your movies come out perfectly from end to end. You load in seconds and your hand never touches the film.

You can't forget the filter.
You may not know when you need one, but your Bell & Howell camera will. The filter slips into place automatically—and out again when it's no longer needed.

And four things you can only do with a Bell & Howell

You can get instant slow motion.
No dials, no switches. Just press a little harder on the action button and you're in slow motion *instantly*—right in the middle of a golf swing or a swan dive.

You can power-zoom
all the way from a freckle-counting close-up to a shot that's nine times as big and includes the whole family. And because it's power-zoom, it's as smooth as a professional could make it.

You can compose electrically without running film, thanks to a second motor that does everything *but* run film. You can shoot telephoto close-ups of your youngsters at play without their even knowing you're taking their pictures.

You can get perfect exposure, without guesswork, without fail, where other cameras would fool you. Because no other camera has as sophisticated and foolproof an electric eye system as the Optronic Eye. There's one in every Bell & Howell camera, regardless of price.

Eight good reasons why you get the best Super 8 movies from Bell & Howell

It's a whole new system of movie-making, so big, so bright, so sharp, you'll need a new Super 8 projector to show your films. But for the kind of movies people ask to see...not only foolproof but exciting and memorable...look into a new Bell & Howell Super 8. Surprisingly enough, the cameras start as low as \$124.95.

Bell & Howell Super 8

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1966—Our 100th Anniversary Year

1817 poem "Ozymandias" describes a similar despot upon whose statue was engraved: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings! Look on my works, ye Mighty and despair!" And, as with the Ghatanachay/O that colossal wreck, boundless and bare/The lone and level sands stretch far away"

CHRISTOPHER LOWELL
Hamilton, N.Y.

Wrong Game

Sir: About Bret Harte and Ah See "Poker" lesson [March 18] I believe you have been euchred.

DONN HAMMAM

In Defense of Austin

Sir: I've stayed at the Driskill Hotel [March 18] many times and never been frightened by a mouse in my room as was Bill Moyers—it was a mouse, of course, not a rat. A little old Texas mouse is bigger than a Washington mouse, naturally, but a friendly critter like the Driskill management and all the rest of Austin.

WALTER JUNIPER
Canyon, Texas

Sweet Vilification

Sir: We who strive to be true to the Scriptures have long resented Billy Graham's careless handling of certain points in Christian doctrine. How refreshing to find someone with conviction enough to speak out. Billy Graham's turned down [March 18] should be red with shame.

(MRS.) SHERRI W. FRAZER
Milledgeville, Ga.

Sir: Many have praised Billy Graham, but no praise is sweeter than the vilification heaped upon him by the bigots.

BOB JONES

Seattle, Wash.

Sir: Don't equate all fundamentals with the oddball types from Bob Jones.

(THE REV.) FRED D. ACOSTA

LARRY ALUMS

Assistant to the Pastor
Montecito Park Union Church
Los Angeles

The Price of Hamburger

Sir: How come the President gets \$22 set at the increase of a few dollars a ton for steel, but when hamburger goes up \$200 a ton [March 18] we hear nothing except that there are no signs of inflation?

J. R. JACKSON

Springfield, Mo.

Address Letters to the Editors
TIME & LIFE Building
Rockefeller Center

TIME INC. also publishes TIME & LIFE ILLUSTRATED and with it national editions of TIME, TIME OF THE BOARD, ANDREW, Executive Committee Chairman, Finance Committee President, James A. Tamm, President and Treasurer, Dr. President and Secretary, President and Assistant President, W. Carlson, Vice President, F. Harvey, Vice President, Bernhard M. Auer, Rietta C. Charles B. Bear, Chet Barr, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerry James, Arthur W. Ketcham, D. Payne Jr., Weston C. Phipps, Assistant Controller, Curtis C. Messinger, Assistant to the President, David E. Evans, S. Ingels, Vice President, and other publications.

TIME, APRIL 1, 1966



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS WINERY, NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

**Brother Timothy
turns to the wine thief,
for an honest appraisal of whether
The Christian Brothers Chateau La Salle
is ready for your enjoyment.**

Brother Timothy is in charge of The Christian Brothers' wine-making activities in California. In his right hand you see the wine thief, the device he is using to draw off a sample of The Christian Brothers Chateau La Salle. He examines the wine very carefully, to be sure its quality is perfect before it comes to you.

A light wine, warmly golden in color, the Chateau La Salle has a naturally sweet flavor and a pleasantly sunny character. Brother Timothy recommends it as a dinner wine, if you prefer a sweeter wine with your meals. It

is also a delightful refreshment—a gracious way to say welcome—any time friends come to call.

The Chateau La Salle is an excellent example of the outstanding table wines, dessert wines, sparkling wines, vermouths and brandy* that The Brothers have been making for many years in California's genial soil and climate.

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Next thing you know you'll be shaking hands with an expert government-rated flight instructor. He in turn will introduce you to your plane—the Piper Cherokee. Same type you see above...sleek, roomy, comfortable, and good looking with its modern low wing that makes flying so much simpler in so many ways.

Wait til you fly it!

Inside, you'll find the Cherokee similar to a well-appointed car. You'll slip into the familiar left hand seat, your instructor beside you at the dual controls. He'll make the take-off and explain how it's done.

From the vantage point of a thousand feet, the panoramic view—perhaps of your own neighborhood—will enthrall you. But

now it's time for you to fly and you'll be amazed at how simple it is.

Want to turn left? A little left wheel to bank to the left. Want to go up? Ease back on the wheel. Ease forward to descend. Suddenly you find why flying's such fun, so fascinating. You have freedom to go wherever you want...in three dimensions...cut loose from the ground's confining restrictions.

All too soon you'll be back on the ground. If the bug bites you, your instructor will be happy to work out a schedule of lessons to suit your convenience. For most people 10 or 12 sessions of about an hour each are all that are needed for first solo...and that's the greatest moment you'll ever know!

Soon after, you'll find yourself using the freedom of flight in many practical ways—for the Cherokee will take you 100 miles in 45 minutes, 1000 miles in a day.

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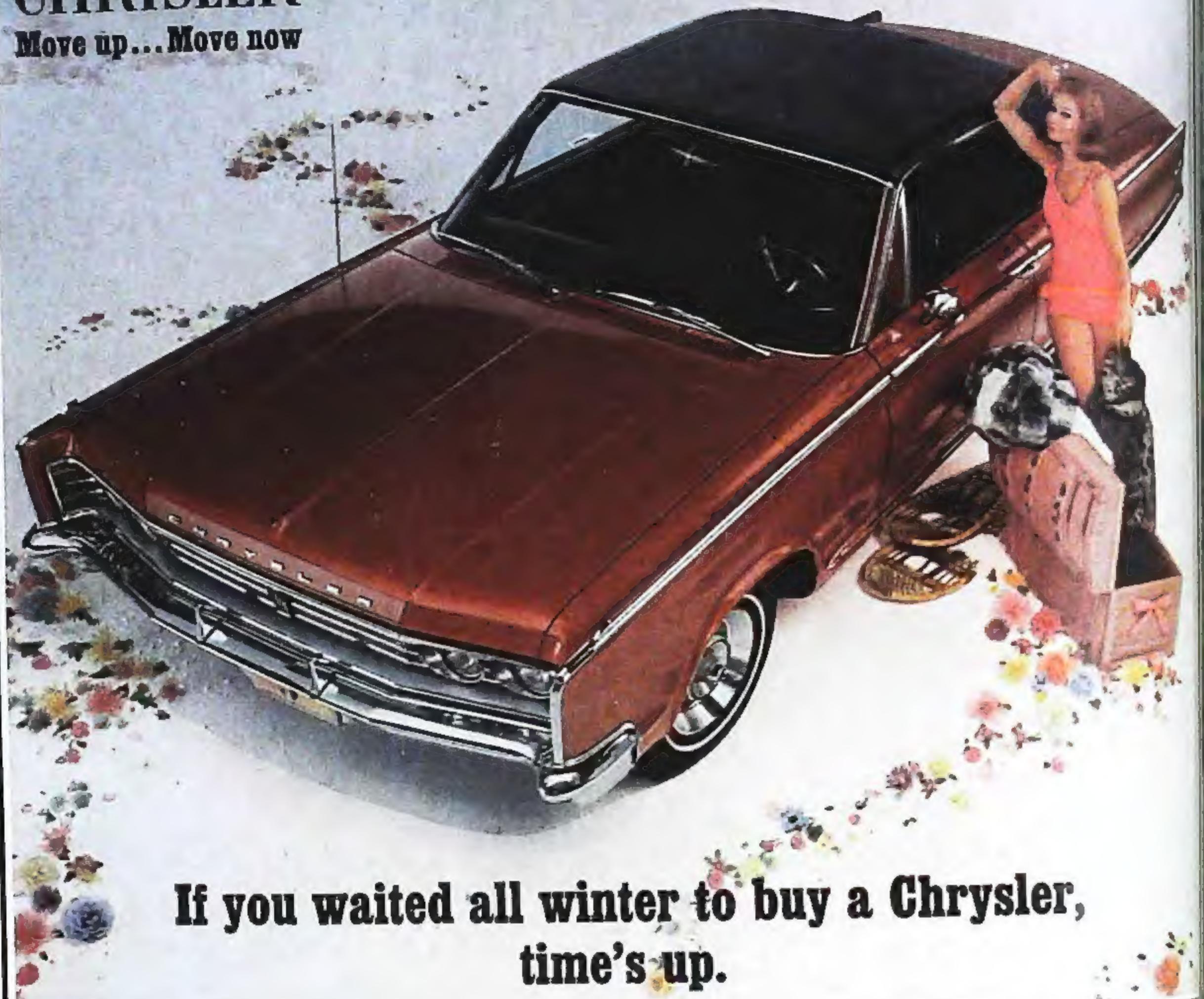
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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Robert C. Gordon

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS
Lawrence E. Laybourne
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TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THIS week one of our most dis-
cussed sections—the TIME Essay
—begins its second year. From the
very first one, examining the United
Nations and its prospects, Essay has
elicited a remarkable amount of public
interest. The U.S. Mission to the
U.N. distributed 10,000 reprints of
No. 1 to college campuses and civic
groups, and Harlan Cleveland, then
Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-
national Organization Affairs, said of it:
"Somehow your editors managed
to squeeze into two fascinating
pages the essence of the U.N.'s prob-
lems and prospects which have occ-
UPI occupied our energies for the past
several years."

Since then, one or more Essays
have been broadcast, translated, re-
printed or otherwise used by the De-
partment of State, the U.S. Informa-
tion Agency, the National War Col-
lege, units of the Army and Air
Force, the Foreign Service Institute,
the U.S. Government's broadcasting
system in West Berlin, and private
organizations as diverse as the An-
chorage, Alaska, League of Women
Voters and the Columbia Broadcast-
ing System. The American Auto-
mobile Association is distributing *Ode
to the Road* (Sept. 10) to its nation-
wide membership. A student found
a boon in *What (If Anything) to
Expect from Today's Philosophers*
(Jan. 7). "More than anything else,"
he wrote us, "those two pages helped
to wrap up a semester's course in
modern philosophy—and just in time
for the final exam." Protestant The-
ologian Henry P. Van Dusen deemed
On Death As a Constant Companion
(Nov. 12) "the most masterly in a
solitary sequence."

Moved by *Communism Today: A Refresher Course* (Aug. 6), a
reader suggested that Essay "should
be required reading in every high
school classroom." As a result, our
Education Department sent reprints
to social-studies department chair-
men in 18,400 public high schools.
Some 800 college radio stations and

campus editors have signed up to
receive copies of Essays that have
particular pertinence for the under-
graduate. Another large area of in-
terest is the world of business. An
anthology* of 20 Essays that ran be-
fore Jan. 1 drew appreciative re-
sponse from the business executives
to whom it was sent. Characteristic
was the appraisal of Radio Corpo-
ration of America's President Robert
W. Sarnoff, who wrote us: "I have
watched the development of this
new journalistic form with interest
and admiration and I am delighted
to have a volume of selections for
my library."

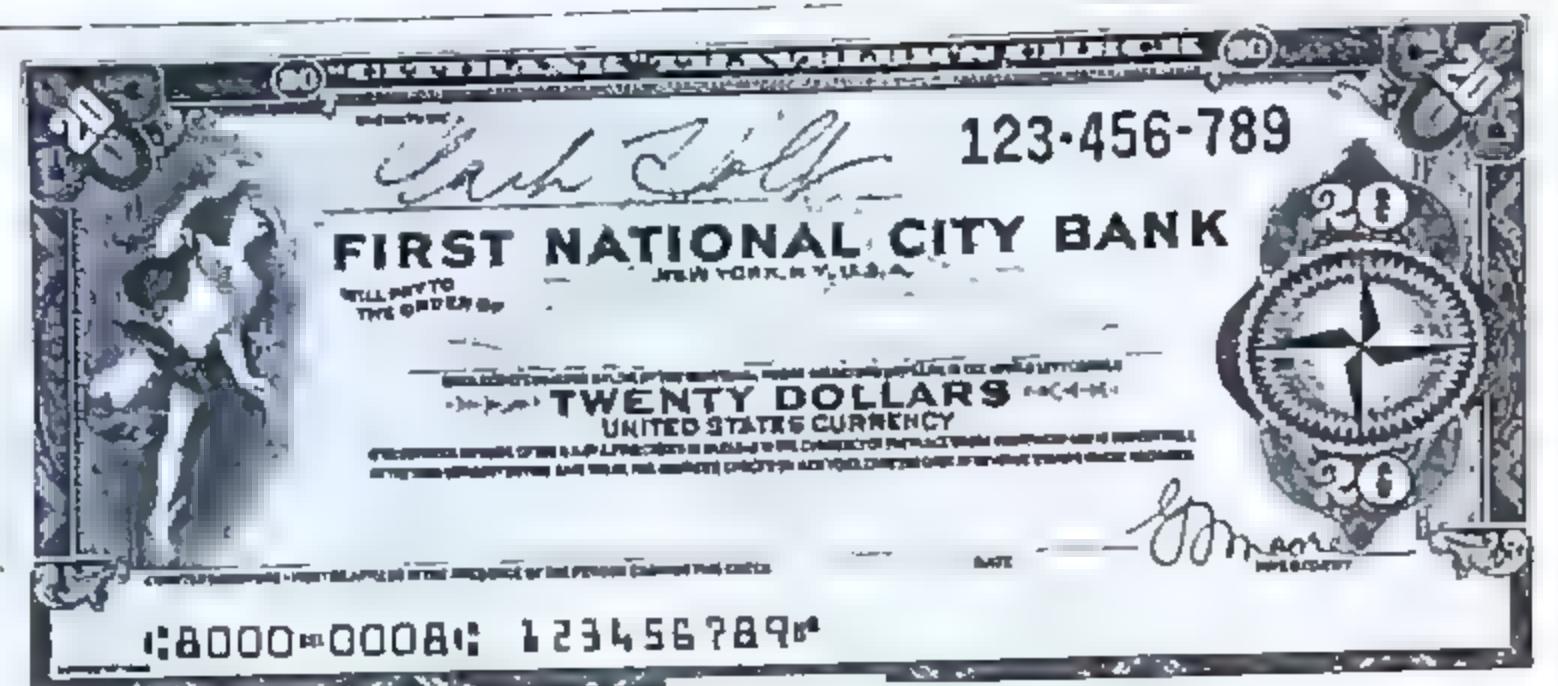
Essay was conceived by Managing
Editor Otto Fuerbringer as a means
of probing and laying bare, rela-
tively free of fast-breaking news,
the big questions, the overriding is-
sues of our times. Like any other
TIME story, Essay is the product of
many minds: editors, writers, re-
searchers, correspondents—and the
experts they interview. But it takes
one man to pull everything together,
and from the start that editor has
been Henry Grunwald. Three senior
editors, A. T. Baker, Champ Clark
and Marshall Loeb (this week's au-
thor), have taken turns at writing
Essays. Among the other writers of
one or more are Douglas Auchincloss,
Joe David Brown, John T. Elson,
Fred Gruin, Bruce Henderson,
Robert Jones, William Johnson,
Stefan Kanfer, Ed Magnuson, Jason
McManus and Robert Shnayerson.
The principal researchers for the
section are Mary Vanaman, Marion
Pikul and Nancy Faber.

When Essay was launched a year
ago, one of our colleagues on an-
other magazine said, in some sur-
prise: "You're not going to try to
do that almost every week, are you?"
We are.

* Some of these are still available to
readers at cost. Send \$1 to Room
23-29D, Time & Life Building, Rocke-
feller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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April 1, 1966

Vol. 87, No. 13

THE NATION

THE WAR

The Greatest Drama

Beaming avuncularly at the reporters wedged three and four deep around his White House desk, the President observed: "I would say we all ought to be commended for our good spirits and jolly frame of mind. I appreciate the good humor you are all in. I don't know how to account for it."

Lyndon Johnson, looking trim and tanned, is in pretty good humor himself these days, and he is only too happy to account for it. He is optimistic that by continued persuasion and pressure—"the jawbone technique," in Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler's phrase—he can keep the booming U.S. economy from spiraling out of control. On the international scene, he can only be reassured by the strident argy-bargy between Moscow and Peking, despite some pundits' predictions that the U.S. stand in Viet Nam could only induce harmony between the two great Communist powers (see THE WORLD). As for the war itself, the President is firmly convinced that the patient and sustained application of U.S. power will eventually carry the day.

Making It Right. Last week's military actions in South Viet Nam more than justified that view. In eight separate operations ranging from the northern uplands to jungled War Zone D near Saigon, U.S. troops and their allies killed more than 1,900 of the enemy. At week's end a battalion of U.S. Marines splashed ashore near the mouth of the Long Tao River, the main shipping channel to Saigon, to set another foray, this one dubbed "Jack Star."

The heaviest fighting occurred in the I Corps sector abutting the 17th parallel in the northernmost provinces, where the Reds, having apparently abandoned hopes of slicing South Viet Nam in two at the Central Highlands, are now concentrating their efforts. In Operation Texas, six battalions of allied forces rushed to the aid of a beleaguered outpost at An Hao, then found themselves tangling with four battalions of hardcore Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops. In five days they wiped out 485 of the attackers and crippled the unit as a fighting force.

Heartening as the military news has been, it is the progress of the other war in Viet Nam—the peaceful construc-

tion program—that appeals most deeply to the President. The Administration's efforts to help the Vietnamese people provide him, in addition, with an irrefutable answer to many of his critics. One leader of the anti-war movement, *Saturday Review* Editor Norman Cousins, wrote compassionately last week of the Vietnamese, "whose constant and unwanted companion has been violence and terror and whose

South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Cao Ky after February's Honolulu conference that he wanted to meet him again in June and expected some solid results by then—some "coonskins nailed to the wall," as he put it—the President has now decided to defer the conference until around the fall elections.

Plumper Pigs. Meanwhile, teams of top-echelon American experts have been streaming into Saigon to assess the



SEVENTH FLEET MARINES LANDING NEAR LONG TAO RIVER

Three finds offered an irrefutable answer.

only crime has been their geography.' They have, he said, a kind of "moral claim on history." Yet, he asked "How do we go about making it right with them?" Johnson is determined to meet that challenge. Said he: "We are trying to concentrate our energies and all of our expertise and knowledge to help these people help themselves and have a better way of life."

As the President sees it, this attempt to build a nation in the midst of war is not only one of the most ambitious and complex undertakings his Administration has attempted, it is also perhaps the most exciting drama of our time. He is impatient for results

times He is impatient for results, though well aware that the program is barely gathering momentum. Accordingly, though Johnson originally told

situation. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman came back citing "evidence of progress in the face of the most difficult conditions imaginable," offered no fewer than 49 recommendations for helping the peasants. Among them putting farm-bred U.S. soldiers to work in rural areas. "He's got a man who can grow twice as many sweet potatoes on a plant," said the President. "He's got another one who can make pigs run as fast as mules."

Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner, who returned last week from an eight-day survey trip said he was "impressed" by "the extraordinary scope and intensity of the American effort." Though "optimistic that a great deal can be done," he warned of the obstacles ahead, notably

political instability, inflation, and shortages—particularly the dearth of trained personnel. Officials estimate that the embattled nation needs at least 60,000 administrators, teachers, agricultural experts and other technicians, but has scarcely 20,000—thanks not only to colonial France's failure to train Vietnamese administrators but also to Viet Cong assassinations. As Vice President Hubert Humphrey told a labor conference in Washington last week, since 1958 there have been "61,000 mayors, leaders of villages and councilmen assassinated in cold blood."

Saigon Shuttle. A cautious, thorough man, Gardner does not plan to present his detailed recommendations to the President before April 10. Nonetheless, he is expected to urge expansion of Viet Nam's secondary school system, particularly technical schools to assure a steady supply of trained cadres. Another possibility, favored by HEW Assistant Secretary (Education) Francis Keppel, who toured Viet Nam with Gardner, is to expand a television network recently set up by U.S. aid officials and use it to teach millions of illiterate Vietnamese to read and write. Whatever programs Gardner does recommend, he will be able to count on more U.S. technicians to help implement them. Under a \$13.1 billion emergency Viet Nam appropriations bill that passed the Senate last week by an 87-to-2 vote after a 389-to-3 House vote, the U.S. will reinforce its 700-member aid mission with 300 more experts, mostly in the key fields of agriculture, health and education.

This week yet another group will join the Saigon shuttle to see what further steps the U.S. can take. Among its members: top Presidential Assistant Bill Moyers, who has never been there; Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance, who announced last week that the U.S. now has 220,000 fighting men in Viet Nam, and hopes to find out if more are needed, and White House

HENRY CALMAN



EDITOR COUSINS
From a critic, a question

Aide Robert Komer, McGeorge Bundy's ex-deputy, who has been given the title of Special Assistant to the President for peaceful construction in Viet Nam.

Worrisome Sacrifices. Where once the President described his Viet Nam policy as "two-fisted," now he calls it "a three-fisted affair." The first set of knuckles, of course, is the war. The second is the political and economic front, particularly the peaceful construction campaign. The third fist is continued American support for his Viet Nam policies. For though the din of protest has subsided somewhat, the President knows that it has by no means expired. In the Senate alone, he estimates, roughly 35 members disapprove of one feature of his policy or another, though without notable rancor.

Nonetheless, the President and his legmen in recent weeks have talked with 270 Democratic and Republican Congressmen—something the White House does regularly to keep in touch with Capitol Hill's thinking—and what the House members had to say about Viet Nam delighted Johnson. "They are all worried about the sacrifices our men are making there," said the President. "But there are not many of them who have any doubt about the justice of our cause or the wisdom of our course."

THE PRESIDENCY

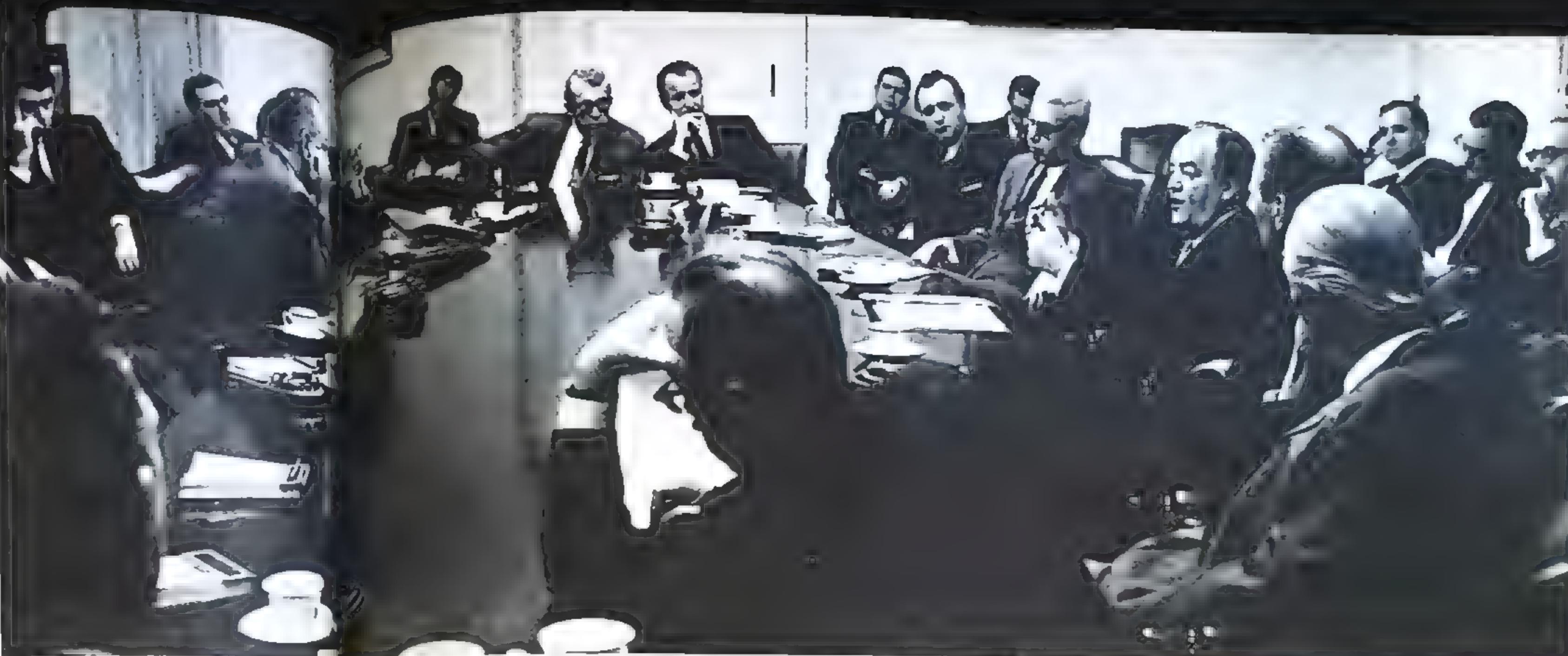
Looking Toward November

In the course of his jocular press conference, President Johnson warned newsmen not to waste their money betting on a Republican sweep at the polls this fall. "The elections," he crowed, "are going to be fine."

Pooh-poohing pundits' predictions that the Democrats would lose dozens of House seats in November, the President allowed, "There are these people who pick these figures out of the air." He confided that "someone the other night" even talked of a G.O.P. gain of 74 to 80 House seats. "It was amusing. I wondered how much he knew about any House seat."

Johnson had kinder words for the so far unremarkable legislative record of the 89th Congress this year. "Congressmen on both sides have done a good job," he said. "We will probably have 15 or 20 measures signed before Easter, and that is something unusual." Asked if he would campaign himself for individual Congressmen, Johnson replied archly, "I would not forgo a chance to give my advice if it was solicited in the right way, under the proper auspices, with appropriate sponsorship." Which almost certainly can be translated to mean that—Viet Nam willing—Johnson will be hustling around the hustings all he can.

Down, Down. Though he spoke off the cuff throughout most of the 40-minute conference, Johnson did just happen to have a statistics-studded memo on his desk when a reporter asked him whether he planned to ask



HUMPHREY ADDRESSING PRESIDENT & CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS AFTER ASIA TRIP

From the shadows, artesian eloquence and visceral conviction.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The Bright Spirit

See Cover)

Vice President Hubert Horatio Humphrey had never before been known to lapse for long into total silence. Yet throughout 1965 he was unwontedly and unhappily subdued in the shadow of a center-stage President. Not until January did Humphrey finally find an effectual and demanding outlet for his energies. It was then, at Lyndon Johnson's behest, that the Vice President publicly helped shoulder the increasing burdens of the war in Viet Nam.

Since then, Humphrey has become the Administration's most articulate and indefatigable exponent of U.S. Asian policy. From New Delhi to New Zealand to New York, before sexagenarian Senators and teen-age Thais, the pink-cheeked, peripatetic Vice President has rehearsed America's aims and achievements in Viet Nam with all the evangelical fervor he once brought to such causes as civil rights and disarmament.

Seldom have man and mission been better mated. Humphrey may not, as the President once boasted, be the world's "greatest coordinator of mind and tongue." He is nonetheless a man of artesian eloquence and visceral conviction, of bright spirit—which his first name literally means. For the President's purposes, moreover, Humphrey's fame as a liberal crusader has assured him a respectful hearing from foreign governments and segments of American society that had discredited the Administration's motives in Viet Nam. As Humphrey, he has risen to the challenge with all the old gusto and with a sound gravity and grace.

Asian Sputnik. "Communism in Washington last week, "is not a subject

of academic discussion. It is a matter of survival. Viet Nam today is as close to the U.S. as London was in 1940."

At Georgetown University next day, he said, "Our problem today in Asia is that we are abysmally ignorant of that part of the world. Out of the tragedy of war comes an impetus and incentive for knowledge." On a flying trip to Manhattan, he alighted in the penthouse of the Carlyle Hotel and, pounding the arms of John F. Kennedy's old rocking chair, mused aloud, "The war is doing for us what the Sputnik did in the space field. It's forcing us to come to grips with Asia."

For an audience of high school and college editors in New York, the Vice President answered the rote objection that the Saigon government is unstable, undemocratic and unpopular. "For many centuries," explained Old Teacher Humphrey, "the Vietnamese people lived under mandarin rule. Then came generations of colonial domination followed by 25 years of almost constant warfare. This is stony soil for democracy to grow in." He noted by contrast that there had been little protest from liberals over U.S. support for Greece during its struggle against Communist insurgency in the late 1940s.

Yet, he pointed out, Athens' governmental gyrations in that time exceeded even Saigon's changes of regime.

Whites Only? When Senator Robert Kennedy suggested in February that the Viet Cong's political arm, the National Liberation Front, should be included in a postwar government of South Viet Nam, it was Humphrey who retorted that any such concession would only dignify "banditry and murder." On the same issue, Humphrey argued last week, "The National Liberation Front is not national, and it liberates no one. The only honest word is that it's a front. It is a front for the

Communist Party out of Hanoi, backed by the Peking Communist Party."

On a two-day trip home to Minneapolis, Humphrey told a Jefferson-Jackson Day audience of 3,000: "There are people who talk about Asians as if they lived on some other planet. We even hear that only Asians should concern themselves with Asia. If we heed such counsel 25 years ago, where would we—and the Asians—be now?" He continued: "Are we to be put in the position of saying that we are able to keep our commitments to white people, not to brown people and yellow people?" Next day, Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party's state central committee unanimously passed a resolution supporting the Administration's war policies.

"New Society." Nonetheless, it is the "other war," as he calls it—the struggle for social and economic progress in South Viet Nam—that has most deeply stirred the Vice President's imagination and energies. Kneading the air with freckled hands, arching his circumflex eyebrows and managing to speak about twice as fast as any Teletype can relay his words, he declares, "There is a new spirit there, because we have not only said that we wish to defeat aggression, but we wish to defeat social misery and here is where we all come in. We are seeking to help build with the South Vietnamese a whole new society."

For South Viet Nam's long-term future, in Humphrey's view, recent inspection tours by HEW's John Gardner and Agriculture's Orville Freeman—with 14 of the outstanding agriculturalists of America—"promise even more potential benefit than any victory of arms. He chafes because congressional committees have a "thousand questions" for military commanders but have yet to call in Freeman or Gardner. In all fairness, reasons Humphrey, Con-



KOSYGIN, RADHAKRISHNAN & HUMPHREY AT SHASTRI FUNERAL

A turning point, but still a mystique gap.

gress should accord equal time to the field marshals of the other war. "Let's learn something," he says.

Leader. One of Humphrey's greatest satisfactions is the increase in the number of nations that are giving South Viet Nam nonmilitary aid—and his own role in that increase as a roving envoy in Asia. Since his last trip, the number of cooperating countries has risen from 32 to 39, with contributions ranging from a West German hospital ship to Israeli agricultural and medical teams.

On the wing and in full, rasping voice, Humphrey maintains that he is crusading for the same causes that he has always championed. In early youth, he revered Woodrow Wilson's concept of collective security ("the right of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life"). He fought isolationism in his native Midwest in the '30s. From the first, he supported the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and NATO. To him, history is of one piece. "You can't be a world leader," he reasons, "and want to lead only in Western Europe and Latin America." That distinction is particularly relevant to the U.N. which for the sake of its own credibility must eventually demonstrate that it is as much concerned about Asia as it is about Africa or Europe.

It was not until World War II that a President actively enlisted the No. 2 man's talents. Yet, though Henry Wallace performed many chores for Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman during his 82 days as Vice President rarely saw FDR and was not even informed of the atomic bomb's development.

Dwight Eisenhower's distaste for political maneuver brought Richard Nixon to the front as the top party campaigner. Eisenhower included Nixon in Cabinet meetings, and when the President was absent, Nixon presided over both Cabinet and National Security Council. John Kennedy brought Lyndon Johnson

closer to security affairs, sent him on a series of good-will missions abroad. But there was no closeness between the two men. "What ever became of Lyndon?" was by summer 1963 a real, rather than a funny, question. Nonetheless, by Humphrey's time the vice-presidency, as Historian James MacGregor Burns has written, had been largely "integrated into the structure of presidential power and decision-making."

Prairie Populists. The biggest factor in Humphrey's re-emergence is his unusually close personal rapport with L.B.J. Humphrey, 54, and Johnson, 57, are a pair of old prairie Populists with a common rural background, the instincts of teachers and a shared, lifelong devotion to the New Deal. When they arrived in the Senate on the same day in 1949, Humphrey was generally regarded as a brash young radical, a "black knight," as he puts it, intent on tilting against the senatorial establishment ruled by Democrat Richard Russell and Republican Robert Taft.

He owed his national reputation to his fire-and-brimstone speech on behalf of a plank at the 1948 convention, which separated the Democrats from the Dixiecrats in short order. Senator Humphrey established himself as one of Washington's most volatile men—Johnson was later to say that "the time it takes Humphrey to prepare a speech is the time it takes to draw a deep breath"—and he offended many of his seniors, including those who controlled committee assignments and the fate of the bills he introduced in profusion (the first was for a medicare program).

Cooler, shrewder and no great civil rights advocate at the time, Johnson was soon admitted to the Senate establishment. Despite early differences, the two men became close. "Johnson was the first Southern Senator I could talk to," Humphrey said later. With Johnson as mentor—a facet of their relationship that has held constant—Humphrey

learned to make his peace with leaders, to accept compromise and as the price of worthwhile legislation. Humphrey's contribution to the partnership was to be Johnson's link to the liberal wing in his drive for a committee position in the Senate.

Even Humphrey's initial opposition to Johnson's successful bid for the Democratic Senate leadership in 1956, to disrupt their association, helped Humphrey onto the Foreign Relations Committee that same year. Johnson was confident his protégé was the man "best qualified to assume the office of President that day come." Nor was there any doubt in Humphrey's mind that he wanted the vice-presidential nomination.

In on Everything. After a rip-roaring campaign, Humphrey soon learned that filling the vice-presidency could be exhilarating than running for it. He was depressed by the President's musings over his mortality ("Be good to your Vice President"), Johnson said to one reporter. "He's your President tomorrow night." After he had been in office, Humphrey received a 2 a.m. call from the Secret Service informing him that Johnson had been taken to the Naval Hospital. Only an hour later did he learn that Johnson's trouble merely a bad cold.

A more chronic concern for Humphrey was just what his role in the administration would be. Johnson, his Vice President more responsible than he himself was given to keep chairmanship of the Cabinet on youth, honorary chairman of the advisory council to the Economic Opportunity, responsible for coordinating civil rights affairs, chairman of the Space Council, chairman of the National Security Council. "I had to take over the night," says a White House source. "It would not be one slip of information on Humphrey in literally every-

Uriah Heep. Despite building assignments, notably frustrations and the first session of the Senate, the better part of 1965 led Humphrey to speculate at the Capitol on the passage of legislation. He had vast Senate and the issues before Congress. Yet Humphrey had as Vice President had largely run the club," as he put it, member. "He had no change for votes. He son well as an influence in Congress but not as

His Capitol Hill assignments by Johnson's gall-bladder protracted convalescence from d Humphrey from d

distance traveling during his first year. The press made a great show of counting how many trips he was not taking, starting with Winston Churchill's funeral. Many Washingtonians had the impression that Johnson simply wanted Humphrey held on a short leash. One newspaper reported that some of Humphrey's friends considered Johnson "the great emasculator," and Humphrey himself added to his image of a White House Uriah Heep with occasional spasms of turgid praise for the boss.

Johnson, never exactly celebrated as an easy employer, periodically vented his spleen on the Vice President. As a function of his office, Humphrey maintained a busy speaking schedule, but Johnson was nettled by the newspaper space that Humphrey garnered as a result. "When I was Vice President," Johnson said ominously, "I never held a press conference, and I don't think the Vice President should." Johnson grumbled that Humphrey's staff was too large (it numbers 45) and too publicity-conscious. For his part, Humphrey pulled a few notable gaffes, such as his assurance before a labor group last year that the Administration was going to ask for an increase in the minimum wage. "I see by the papers," rasped Johnson, who had no such intention at the time, "that I have a minimum-wage program."

Constituency of One. Despite such minor strains, the Johnson-Humphrey relationship on the whole has been intimate, harmonious and creative. The Vice President has had to swallow his pride and deprecate his contributions to their partnership. "I am Vice President because he made me Vice President," Humphrey has remarked. "There are no Humphrey policies, there are no Humphrey programs." Humphrey usually imparts his ideas during his frequent private talks with Johnson over dinner or drinks rather than at formal meetings of the Cabinet or NSC. Johnson, comprising what Humphrey calls "constituency of one," listens earnestly to Humphrey's expositions on Viet Nam, Latin America, farm programs, space exploration or any of a dozen other subjects. "He knows more about more things than any man up at the Capitol," Johnson has said proudly.

Though the Admirable Crichton role

is certainly what the contract calls for—plus an average 14-hour workday—Humphrey was unprepared for the public reaction to his first year's performance. A Gallup poll in December reported that 58% of those interviewed said they did not want him as President. In a February survey matching him in a presidential race against Richard Nixon, Humphrey came out only two points ahead, 47% to 45%, with 8% undecided, whereas in March, Robert Kennedy led Nixon 54% to 41%. A slightly more encouraging Louis Harris poll last week concluded that most Americans (54% to 46%) have a "positive" opinion of Humphrey.

Hard Talk, Hard Looking. When the first Gallup poll was published, Johnson was completing his convalescence and the congressional session was already over, leaving Humphrey free for a sojourn abroad. His first swing around the Philippines, Formosa, South Korea and Japan was a rapid, if not vapid, display of "good will." The real turning point for Humphrey came last January, when Johnson sent him to India for Lal Bahadur Shastri's funeral. There he conferred privately with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, and on his return gave the President a shrewd analysis of the Russian leader, whom he regards as strictly a team man. The two Asian jaunts stimulated speculation that the Administration was simply trying to boost Humphrey's box-office ratings. "Operation Help Hubert," sniffs Barry Goldwater, "the most valiant rescue effort since the evacuation of Dunkirk."

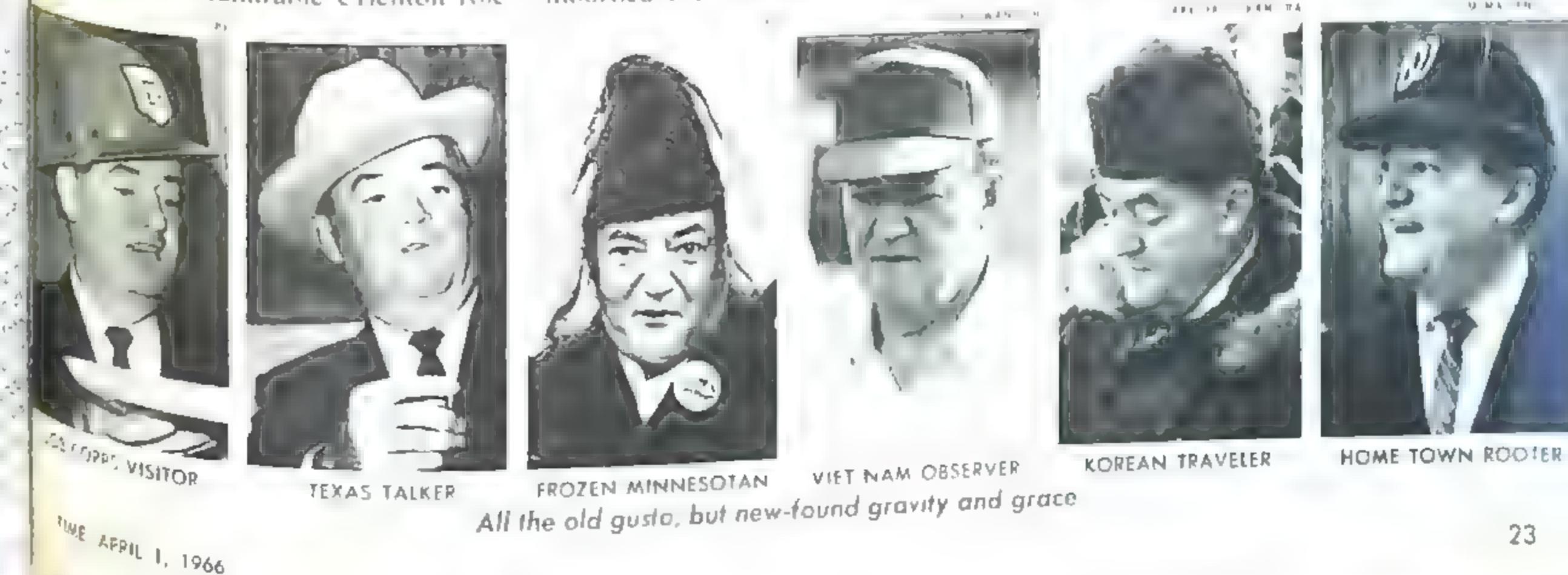
Humphrey himself silenced the critics in February, when he took on his most challenging assignment to date. Dispatched by the President to confer with officials of nine Far Eastern countries as a follow-up on the Honolulu conference, he managed to combine a minimum of Hubertian high jinks with a maximum of hard talk and hard looking. On his return, Johnson saw a singular opportunity to deploy Humphrey's talents in the increasingly confused domestic debate over Viet Nam.

Jelly Bellies. Inevitably, some liberals trumpeted forthwith that Humphrey had "sold out" his principles. The *Progressive*, a Wisconsin monthly founded by Robert La Follette in 1909, mourned the transformation of its old

friend Humphrey into a "hatchet man, arguing that he had "become more royalist than the crown" on the subject of Viet Nam. (Brandeis Professor John Roche, who, like Humphrey, is a charter member and sometime national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a supporter of the U.S. commitment to Viet Nam, compares such critics to John Birchers.) By contrast, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman William Fulbright, a perennial civil rights opponent, is now a darling of the liberals because of his unyielding criticism of Viet Nam policy.

Humphrey accepts abuse from old friends as part of the game, though not without private barbs at "nitpickers and jelly bellies." Says he: "I'm not quite manageable on the Viet Nam issue, and a lot of my liberal friends resent it. But I don't think a liberal proves he's a liberal by sitting around and blinking his eyes at acts of terror. It just proves you're a little blind." (On the same point, Secretary of State Dean Rusk says: "Don't ask me to call a man a liberal who wants to turn over to a totalitarian regime more than 14 million South Vietnamese.") Humphrey knows, too, that if the war in Viet Nam drags on indefinitely, it could stir a reaction against the Administration and doom his own ambitions. "That," says he, "is the price of responsibility." While losing some liberal friends, Humphrey inevitably picks up supporters elsewhere in the political spectrum. There was more truth than comedy in a *New Yorker* cartoon last week that depicted two crusty country-club types at golf. Said one with obvious approval, "As Hubert Humphrey so aptly put it . . ."

Far from reflecting political expediency, Humphrey's views on Viet Nam are a distillation of his oldest and most deeply held convictions. He learned to be an internationalist and social reformer from his father, a small-town South Dakota pharmacist who was bankrupted by the Depression. Young Hubert's education in political science at the University of Minnesota was interrupted by financial troubles for six years. Before he finally received his degree *magna cum laude*, he had worked as a druggist, soda jerk, janitor and hog inoculator. After marrying a home-town girl, Muriel Buck, and



All the old gusto, but new-found gravity and grace



HUMPHREY HOUSE IN CHEVY CHASE
Just one of the folks?

fathering the first of their four children, Humphrey went to graduate school and wrote his master's thesis on the New Deal. Settling in Minneapolis, where his first teaching job was for the WPA, he inevitably became involved in local politics.

Man on Springs. After running second in a mayoral election, Humphrey brought about a lasting merger of the rival Democratic and Minnesota Farmer-Labor parties. He won the mayoralty in his second try at age 34. A Minneapolis newspaper reported at the time: "He seems to be a wonderful and meteoric young man, bouncy and gay, built on springs, with a fierce face and pleasant young grin. He puts firecrackers under everything." After two explosively successful terms as a reform mayor, Humphrey became the first Democrat ever popularly elected to the U.S. Senate from Minnesota.

On Capitol Hill, he promoted bills on every subject from water pollution to soybean research. "I like all subjects," he said. "I can't help it. It's glands." Though few got anywhere at first, many of Humphrey's proposals later became law, usually under other men's names. Besides urging a medicare program he fought for federal aid to education, proposed the Peace Corps four years before the Kennedy Administration embraced the idea, and recommended a youth conservation corps along the lines of the poverty program's Job Corps. Humphrey's successful appeals to send U.S. farm surpluses to India and Pakistan were the precursors of the Food-for-Peace program, which now represents 45% of all U.S. nonmilitary foreign aid.

Humphrey's involvement in world affairs led to his appointment by Eisenhower as a delegate to the U.N. World Health Organization and UNESCO. He traveled extensively, attended the Geneva disarmament talks, had his celebrated 8½-hour Kremlin exchange with Nikita Khrushchev in 1958 and became chairman of the Senate disarmament subcommittee, whose recommendations helped pave the way for the 1963 nuclear test ban treaty. Appointed majority whip in 1961

Humphrey finally had the power to influence landmark legislation, notably in civil rights, for which he had been working throughout most of his career.

No Letup. He became preoccupied with Viet Nam in early 1964. He conducted a private correspondence with Henry Cabot Lodge, an old friend from U.N. days, who was then in his first tour as Ambassador to Saigon. Humphrey picked the brains of Pentagon and State Department experts—he has little time for reading—and became an apostle of Edward Lansdale, a retired Air Force major general and counterguerrilla expert whose controversial theories on pacification are now being tested in Viet Nam.

Though it is his role as foreign-policy exponent that propels Humphrey into the headlines and TV screens these days, he has not let up on the myriad other duties of his office. On a typical day last week, he attended a White House meeting on agricultural policy, met individually with four Congressmen, presided over the Senate during the crucial vote on Viet Nam appropriations, conferred with Ceylon's Prime Minister Senanayake, taped a television program, flew to New York for a two-hour private session with some magazine editors, then attended a dinner given by Eugenie Anderson, a fellow Minnesotan who is a member

of the U.N. delegation. He was not bed until 1:30 a.m., slept his norm six hours and by 9:15 a.m. had board his Air Force jet for the trip back to Washington. After shedding 15 lbs. two months of dieting, he appears to be in excellent trim (170 lbs.).

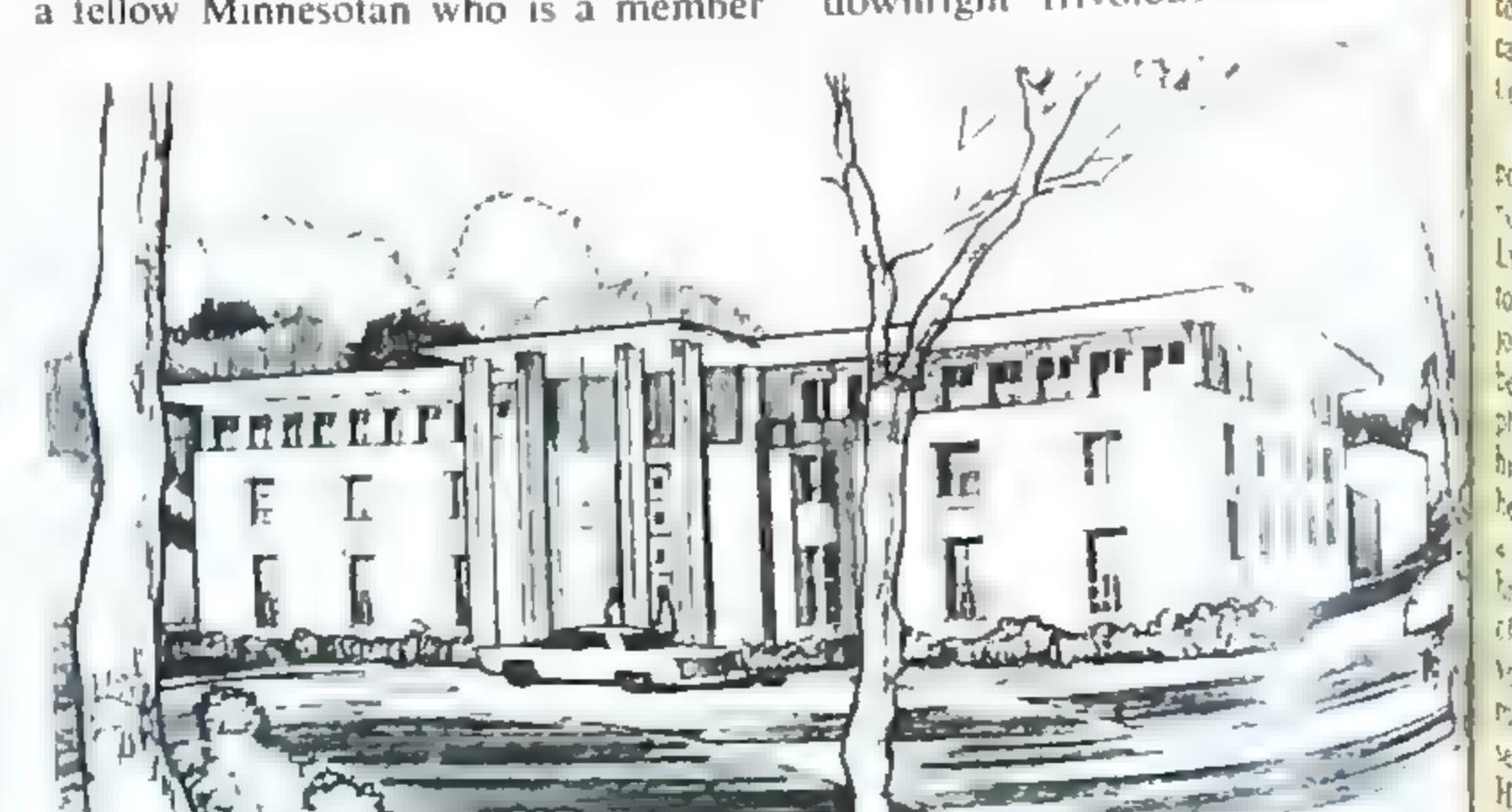
Veepee Tepee. Humphrey's time in the capital between Lyndon Johnson's old office off the Senate and an eight-room suite in the Executive Office Building downtown, a star from the White House. What's of his private life he divides into two homes. He still lives in the suburban Washington house he bought for \$20,000 in 1949. It is too small for entertaining, and the Secret Service has taken over the basement.

Though successive administrations have discussed giving the Vice President an official residence, Humphrey's candidacy prompted Congress last week to authorize \$750,000 for a mansion on the Naval Observatory grounds. Deep Republican gibes at the prospect of a tepee for the veepee, the bill passed the House, 197 votes to 184, and with unanimous approval in the Senate.

Unforgettable Experience. The other Humphrey house is on Minnesota Lake Waverly, where he horses around with his pet jackass Pietro, pots at pigeons with proficiency or, depending on the season, fishes for bluegill perch in the woods, sails, water-skis or classical recordings. He also has a conditioned model A Ford like the one in which he and Muriel set off for Huron, S. Dak., 30 years ago on their honeymoon—and promptly ran over a cow. It is in Waverly that Humphrey is at his earthiest. Though he means earnestly that a "politician must forget he's just one of the folks," gregariousness reflects the man rather than a political jockey. He can be a real friend.

Total Immersion. No introvert, Humphrey wastes little time brooding on this or any other problem that is patently beyond his control. He sees the road ahead as two parallel lines. First, in full awareness that his prospects for the foreseeable future rest almost entirely in Lyndon Johnson's hands, he intends to discharge his vice-presidential duties precisely as the President prescribes. Second, Humphrey aims to maintain his own political links around the country, has already jumped enthusiastically on behalf of Democratic candidates and the party offers, and will doubtless intensify his campaign efforts as the November elections—and future Novembers—near.

His compulsive capable ebullience, the inexhaustible flow of verbiage, have created what might be called The Kennedys, by contrast, downright frivolous



PROPOSED VICE-PRESIDENTIAL MANSION
A bolt on the door?

curiously enough, the Kennedy brothers have always managed to project a reserved and serious private persona. This may prove a sizable asset to Robert Kennedy if and when the time ever comes to challenge Humphrey directly for the presidential nomination.

As of now, the Senator from New York is treading warily, embellishing his national identity and reportedly adding strength in local Democratic organizations across the U.S. He received unsolicited help last week from Senator Wayne Morse, who said that he would support Bobby for the presidency in 1968 provided he continued his criticism of the Administration on Viet Nam. The endorsement will not be fatal.

No one who was mowed down by the Irish mafia as Humphrey was in 1960 could forget the experience. Last week, after hearing rumors that Kennedy had contributed handsomely to several key gubernatorial campaigns, a Humphrey aide groaned. "Bolt the door boys! Here they come again!"

In fact, the issues, circumstances and personalities could all change beyond recognition by 1972. It is even conceivable that by then both factions may decide that a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket is preferable to another Humphrey-Kennedy duel. And if Humphrey should succeed to the White House between elections, as eight Vice Presidents have done before him, the presidential-succession amendment (already ratified by 28 states) would empower him to appoint his own Vice President. His choice might well be a Kennedy.

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After the uncertainties and disappointments of last year, Humphrey is far surer than ever of himself and of Lyndon Johnson's confidence. He is totally and contentedly immersed in his job. He is unalterably committed to being himself. And if his advisers complain that this course can only damage his standing in public-opinion surveys, he has an answer. "Harry Truman was a great President, but I never noted his musicality. I did observe he had a lot of character. What is important are convictions, character and commandments." Already in the hyperactive Hubert Humphrey has clearly shown his star credentials.

In Manhattan at week's end Meany underwent an arthroplasty operation to ease the pain in his arthritic right hip joint, a disability that has forced him to use a cane for several years.

DEMOCRATS

Labor's Love Lost

Ailing AFL-CIO President George Meany limped painfully to the lectern. There, jowls quiver with indignation he roared at a union convention in Washington. "We can't buy either party. If we are looking around for a party to adopt or control, we don't want the Democratic Party, because they can't deliver!" President Johnson was unmoved. "As far as I have been aware," he said laconically, "labor has always been independent, and should be."

Sitting on Sits. Nonetheless, Meany's blast brought the smoldering feud between labor and the Democratic Party close to open warfare. Already irked by the Administration's tepid efforts to win repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's Section 14(b), labor's No. 1 legislative goal for the 89th Congress, union tempers were

MAILED IN THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



MEANY & EX-FRIEND
"We can't buy either party."

raised to boiling point last week by the House's failure to act on another measure eagerly sought by the unions. Stalled in committee was a bill that would overturn a 1951 U.S. Supreme Court decision prohibiting a union from picketing one employer at all entrances to a construction site where several employers are at work, on grounds that this amounts to a secondary boycott.

One reason for the so-called "situs" bill's failure to clear Adam Clayton Powell's Education and Labor Committee is that it would chiefly benefit the construction trades unions, which have been notoriously reluctant to admit Negroes. In addition, though the bill has more than enough votes for passage, House Democrats have decided to leave it in committee until the Senate acts. Reason: Democrats from conservative districts feel that they lost votes unnecessarily by supporting the 14(b) re-

peal bill only to have the Senate filibuster it to death.

Love Call. Labor's inability so far to win passage of a single major bill that it sought from the 89th Congress is due to its diminishing influence on Capitol Hill and at the polls. Moreover, for all their outries, the unions are in the curious position of demanding cooperation from the Administration while giving none in return. Union leaders have coldly and consistently ignored the President's request that wage-price hikes be held to a noninflationary 3.2% a year. In current negotiations alone the International Association of Machinists is asking the nation's major airlines for a 15.7% increase. Denver ironworkers want 15.7%, Kansas City carpenters are asking 10%, Albuquerque bricklayers want 19%, and Baton Rouge operating engineers 17.5%.

More from habit than necessity, the Democrats made a token effort to woo labor last week. Showing up for the final session of the construction trades union convention, Vice President Humphrey shouted buoyantly to the 4,000 delegates: "We Democrats need the labor movement. The President of the United States is your friend, and we are not going to let you down!" But even that ardent love call brought no more than a few tepid claps from the disgruntled labor leaders.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Folk Singer in Striped Pants

Special clothes hangers had to be found to accommodate the Indian Prime Minister's flowing silk saris. Red roses—her late father's favored flower—were arraigned around Blair House. As to whether Indira Gandhi should address the all-male National Press Club or the ladies' press corps or both, it was diplomatically decided that a joint session was called for. Executing such arrangements would be delicate even for old protocol hands. Yet this week's state visit—the first ever by a woman Premier—marked a last-minute première for a novice. Unruffled, James Wadsworth Symington recalls his stint as a Marine private. Said he: "You learn that you always land running."

Symington, 38, who since last May served as the President's adviser on juvenile delinquency, started running the moment he was sworn in last week as the State Department's Chief of Protocol, succeeding Lloyd Hand, who resigned to enter California politics. He had been in office less than an hour when he presented Sudan's new ambassador, Amin Ahmed Hussein, to the President. Apart from preparing for Mrs. Gandhi's visit, Symington was also busily readying himself to handle the myriad problems of the 113 foreign mission chiefs in Washington—his new constituency, as Johnson called it.

Ouvrez la Bouche. By background and experience, blueblooded, boyishly handsome Jim Symington has unusual qualifications for the job. His father is

THE CAPITOL

Robber in the House

Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington, his mother the daughter of the late Senator James Wadsworth and granddaughter of Secretary of State John Hay. After Eastern schooling (Deerfield Academy, Yale and Columbia Law), he was deputy director of the Food for Peace program, later was a top assistant to Bobby Kennedy when he was Attorney General.

Hitherto, young Symington has been best known in Washington society as a baritone folk singer and guitar player who performed for Queen Elizabeth II while he was special assistant (from 1958 to 1960) to his cousin, John Hay Whitney, then Ambassador to Britain. When the Symingtons went to Washington, he began entertaining foreign visitors at informal songfests, usually in duet with his petite, chestnut-haired wife. An accomplished pianist and harpsichordist, Sylvia Symington has worked as a volunteer music teacher to Washington slum children. In 1960 she organized a group of women to help wives of African diplomats overcome their awe of bustling Washington. Proficient in French, she even accompanied her wards to the dentist's office to relay such instructions as "*Ouvrez la bouche, s'il vous plaît.*"

NEW YORK

Eye to Eye

When his commander ordered his decimated squadron to withdraw from the Battle of Copenhagen, Admiral Nelson clapped a telescope to his blind eye, exclaiming: "I really do not see the signal!" He ended, of course, by winning the battle. His namesake, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, can also affect a blind eye when he chooses, and so far it has served him well.

"Time to Learn." Symington shares his wife's belief in personal diplomacy, still talks about the time he invited an Asian student for dinner. "He couldn't believe it," the new protocol chief related. "He said he'd been in this country three years and had never been invited to an American home." From such experiences came a lesson later conveyed in a song the Symingtons composed by the swimming pool of their comfortable white house in Georgetown. "It takes time to know your neighbor on the other side," runs one verse. "Time to learn to labor in the vineyard of his pride."

DON CARL STEFFEN



THE SYMINGTONS
Belief in diplomacy



NELSON & TELESCOPE
Value in blindness

has not yet convinced party leaders he is remotely equal to that opponent.

Of several Democratic dark horses, the brightest is Representative Sam Stratton, 49, an aggressive candidate who has repeatedly beaten the GOP in a traditionally Republican district and would likely give Rockefeller a tough fight. But since Stratton's bitter fight for the Democratic senatorial nomination in 1964 to Robert Kennedy, whose subsequent election gave him the party's top panhandle state, Stratton's hopes of organizational endorsement are slim. According to some readings, in fact Kennedy would rather see Rockefeller win again in 1966 than have a strong Democrat Governor to challenge his own New York delegation in the 1972 Democratic convention.

Hughes gamely announced that he would try instead to introduce a sales tax, the remedy advocated by Wayne Dumont, his Republican rival for the governorship. "That," Hughes admitted, "would have to be a bipartisan effort." If that also fails, the nation's most

His success comes partly from default. A strong Democrat, perhaps, could topple him in November. Yet a strong candidate appears the least likely choice of the bitterly divided Democratic Party. Though there are many aspirants for the nomination, nearly all have serious political liabilities:

► Frank O'Connor, 56, New York's city council president, seemed the odds-on favorite after an impressive victory in the city election last November, but has since lost ground by petty partisan bickering with Republican Mayor John Lindsay, and, in any event, carries little weight outside New York City.

In other political week

► Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, 56, announced the for a seventh term that the Democratic candidate to oppose Roger Winthrop Rockefeller inclined to believe even mean it this time to portray himself.

POLITICAL NOTES

New Faces?

In other political week

► Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, 56, announced the for a seventh term that the Democratic candidate to oppose Roger Winthrop Rockefeller inclined to believe even mean it this time to portray himself.

man, Faubus has been embarrassed by adverse comment on his new \$280,000 home and, in any case, he has good reason to fear Rockefeller, who pressed him strongly in 1964.

► Lloyd Hand, 37, who resigned abruptly as Washington's Chief of Protocol (see *The Administration*), became Contender No. 3 for the Democratic nomination for California's Lieutenant Governor. His candidacy further embarrassed Governor Pat Brown, who functorily supported Incumbent Glenn Anderson before Newspaper Publisher Thomas W. Braden, his close friend and appointee to the State Board of Education, decided to enter the race.

NEW JERSEY

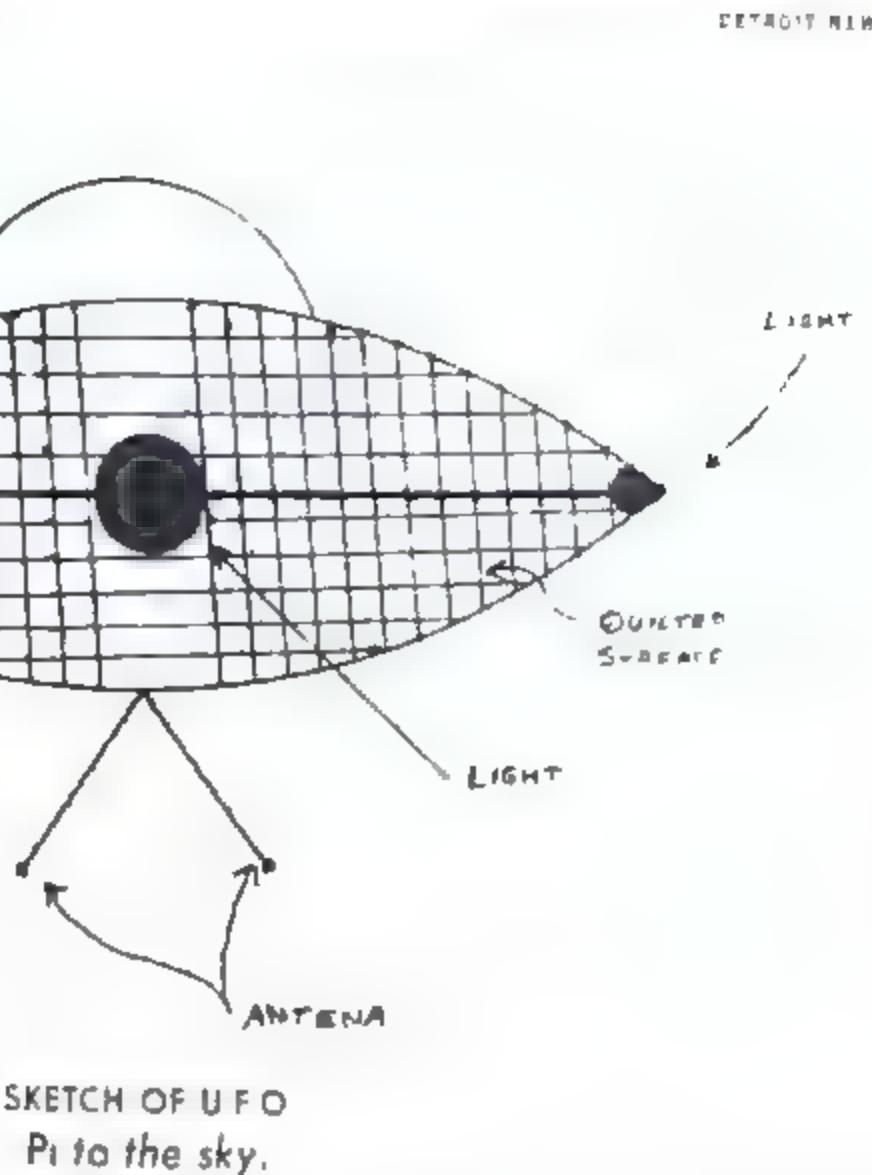
Who Needs Progress?

"I've been getting up earlier," allowed Governor Richard Hughes, "to get my worrying done." He could have stayed in bed. Re-elected last year on a "progress" platform that pledged a state income tax to improve sadly inadequate schools, hospitals, highways and welfare programs, Democrat Hughes was confident that the state's first Democratic legislature in half a century would adopt the tax he needed. The \$180 million it would raise—two-thirds to be allotted to education—would redeem his campaign promise to bring New Jersey up to date. Last week, in the most bruising defeat of his career, the Governor learned that his lawmakers would sooner change the name of the state to Old Jersey than approve new taxes.

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NEW JERSEY'S HUGHES
Ax to the tax
TIME APRIL 1, 1966



SKETCH OF UFO
Pi to the sky.

heavily industrialized state will be unable to provide college space for several thousand new high school graduates or treat more than 1,000 retarded children now awaiting state care. It will have to defer badly needed highway construction, and deny the financial aid that its two major railroads need to maintain commuter service.

CIVIL RIGHTS

R.I.P.

Acting on a plea from five Virginia Negroes, the Supreme Court last week outlawed the poll tax, one of America's first and last barriers to full Negro suffrage. Though only four states—Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama and Texas—still retained the tax for state elections* (the 24th Amendment barred it in federal elections), it was nonetheless an effective deterrent to voting for many Southern Negroes.

The ruling comes in time for the spring primaries, and initially will have its most significant impact in Alabama where thousands of Negroes registered under the Voting Rights Act of 1965 have not paid the poll tax in anticipation of the court's ruling. Basing its decision on the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment, the court declared that wealth "has no relation to voting qualifications. The right to vote is too precious, too fundamental to be so burdened or conditioned."

MICHIGAN

Fatuus Season

In the lonely hills northwest of Ann Arbor, Frank Mannor stepped from his farmhouse one night last week to quiet his yelping dogs. Off beyond the cornfield, he spied a glowing, "quilted" object—which he later sketched in detail—bobbing over a swamp. After a futile attempt to stalk it, Mannor called po-

lice, who also saw the apparition. Gasp! Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas J. Harvey: "If there is such a thing as a flying saucer, this must be it."

By next night, Mannor's farm looked like a fairground. Saucer-seekers bearing telephoto lenses trooped to the swamp through driving rain. From the University of Michigan came a scientist who welcomed extraterrestrial visitors by flashing the universal equation of pi with his car headlights—three blinks, one blink, then four blinks. He got no response, to the loud chagrin of Renee Scott, 3, who came with her parents, expecting to see a spaceman with "green, yellow and orange-juice hair."

A sure sign of primaveral delirium, the sighting touched off pandemic reports of preternatural phenomena across the U.S. Mannor's drop-in was followed by a shimmering object that settled obligingly on a marshy Michigan hollow in full view of 87 Hillsdale College coeds and a county civil-defense director. Ann Arbor's Democratic Congressman Weston E. Vivian called for a Defense Department investigation of the unearthly goings-on. Michigan's Gerald Ford, House Republican leader suggested a congressional inquiry. Air Force investigators donned hip boots to slog through Michigan marshland.

Through its Project Blue Book, the Air Force had looked into 10,147 other Unidentified Flying Objects since flying saucers entered American mythology in 1947. Because of inadequate sighting data, 64% elude technical explanation. The rest proved to be anything from lenticular clouds to runaway balloons, kites to jet-engine exhaust. At week's end the Air Force attributed the Ann Arbor and Hillsdale apparitions to marsh gas (methane) created by organic decomposition and ignited by combustion. The phenomenon that results is known to scientists as *ignis fatuus*—"the wicked and devilish will-o'-the-wisp" as Thackeray noted 126 years ago, that gambol among the marshes and lead good men astray."

WHY CARS MUST—AND CAN—BE MADE SAFER

THAT most typical product of American civilization—the auto—brings joy, jobs, mobility, freedom. It also brings economic waste and human pain. Death and destruction on the highway are now the subject of muckraking books, rock-n-roll ballads, congressional inquiry, and serious self-examination in Detroit. The auto represents power, speed and progress—and each of these elements involves risk. As long as men move, there will be accidents. But need there be so much human cost? Clearly the answer is no.

Asked not long ago why his industry did not design more safety into its products, Ford Group Vice President Lee Iacocca replied: "Styling sells cars and safety does not." But the mood of carmakers and their customers is shifting drastically. The industry is rushing to build safety devices into cars, partly because the public is becoming aroused, and partly because the manufacturers are afraid that the federal and state governments will devise strict safety standards and force them on the industry. Washington already has safety and performance standards for every major form of transportation—except the automobile. U.S. Senators Abraham Ribicoff, Robert Kennedy, Gaylord Nelson and others, who continued some well-publicized hearings last week (see U.S. BUSINESS), are pressing Congress to establish minimum safety requirements for cars, and prohibit from interstate commerce any vehicles or parts that fail to meet them, beginning with the 1967 models. President Johnson wants that too, but is willing to give the automakers until Model-Year 1970 voluntarily to comply with federal standards—and he will doubtless get his way. Meanwhile the courts have begun, under the doctrine of "strict liability," to hold the automakers liable for crash damages resulting from defective or dangerous car design.

The Sinister Superlatives

The statistics of malignant motoring are hard to face. One American is killed in traffic every eleven minutes. More than one-quarter of all U.S. autos are at some time involved in an injury-producing smashup. Since the auto was invented, it has killed 1,500,000 Americans, more than the toll in all the nation's wars. The number of fatalities has jumped 29% since 1961. Though the death rate has been cut by two-thirds since the 1930s, to 5.6 per 100 million vehicle miles last year, car travel is still substantially more dangerous than commercial plane travel.* The U.S. Air Force in 1965 lost nearly as many men in car crashes as in air crashes, including Viet Nam combat. In the U.S. last year, 20 million cars were involved in 14 million accidents. They killed 49,000 people, injured 1,800,000 others, and permanently disabled 200,000. The economic cost: \$8.1 billion in lost wages, property damage, medical and insurance payments—a sum equal to 1¢ for every mile driven, or 1.2% of the gross national product. Auto accidents are the biggest cause of death and injury among American children, teen-agers and adults under 35. Unless the rate is reduced, one out of every two living Americans will some day be injured by a car, and one out of 72 will be killed.

Alleviating these sinister superlatives is an exciting idea; it is possible not only to prevent a large number of accidents, but also to immunize passengers against trauma and grave injury when accidents do occur. With effort and purpose the nation could cut the traffic toll almost as sharply and effectively as it did smallpox and polio. In dozens of laboratories in Detroit, and on campuses from Harvard to UCLA, engineers, statisticians, highway designers, and psychologists are working toward the goal of "delethalization."

The issue of auto safety is as complex as it is emotional.

* Auto safety, also a growing source of worry, will be examined in a future TIME Essay.

and the inevitable temptation is to lean on cliches and a scapegoat. The auto companies for years have blamed the driver, pointing to the National Safety Council's estimate that 85% of all accidents result from careless driving. Pessimists agree that driving is a direct extension of the personality, reflecting tendencies to care, compassion, aggression or even suicide. Lately, however, some polemicists have been trying to place all the blame on the machines—on the man. Most conspicuous among these is Lawyer R. Nader, who gained attention at last week's congressional hearings because G.M. had set private eyes on him, and wrote a book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*. It is an *anti*-though one-sided, lawyer's brief that accuses Detroit of everything except starting the Vietnam War. Manufacturers deserve some knocks for arrogance and laissez-faire attitude toward safety, but Nader and recent anti-auto authors weaken their case by overstating the traffic tragedy is a compound of many factors: roads, loose licensing, lax police, lenient judges, drivers—and—not least—auto construction. Says National Safety Council President Howard Pyle: "There is no single fender. They are all interlocked."

Misrule of the Road

The first step toward safety would be for the Government to iron out the confusing, conflicting jumble of state traffic laws. No fewer than 12% of all fatal accidents involve out-of-state drivers. Experts estimate that if Washington were to make the laws and signs uniform on all roads—as they are throughout Europe—this alone would save 7,000 lives.

Some states and localities are inexplicably lax in granting driver's licenses to obvious incompetents. In New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine and Wyoming, drug addicts and mental defectives can get licenses. In Kansas, it was discovered not long ago that 10% of the people receiving aid-to-the-blind payments were licensed to take the wheel. Children of 14 can be licensed in many states, and some 13-year-olds are permitted to drive. A study by New York State showed that drivers under 21 have an accident rate 70% higher than older drivers. They are tested only once in a lifetime, under low speeds. On the highway—where they make decisions per mile—they would flunk most of the time. Thirty states do not require periodic auto inspections; those states tend to have the steepest death rates. The lowest fatality rate is in California, the highest in Mississippi.

Undoubtedly, the law should be toughened for drivers. Half of all the fatally injured drivers are drunk, police as "H.B.D."—Had Been Drinking. Doctors play a role: doctors calculate that one pill can kill. The U.S. might be wise to emulate Sweden, which routinely stop drivers and take suspected ones to a station house for blood tests; anyone with alcohol in his blood stream (about one cigarette) up to as much as six months in jail. That is what a drunken driver in the U.S. gets for killing.

The Two Collisions

Because laws, highways and the human body are difficult to alter, Detroit is beginning to have to try harder to improve the car itself. Could new designs reduce fatalities? Safer cars could be economical yet fairly fail-safe car that casualties by half. Achieving that will take other things, more reliable brakes and mirrors, better window visibility and in preventing the "first collision"—the crash

another object. Much more important, the safety scientists have lately begun to emphasize the "second collision" that occurs eight-tenths of a second later—the crash between the passengers and the car's insides, or against outside objects if passengers are thrown from the car. While drivers are responsible for most accidents, safety engineers contend that Detroit's designs are largely responsible for injuries in the second collision. Now the goal is to alleviate that human damage by building stronger car bodies, smoother and better padded interiors, and superior harnesses for passengers.

In a collision, everything in the car flies forward at its original velocity, particularly the passengers. Like hammers striking nails, they ram into lethal little things: gear-shift levers, air-conditioning ducts, ignition switches, chrome decorations on seats, glove compartments. One-fifth of the passenger fatalities result from being impaled by the steering wheel. The most dangerous place in the car is right next to the driver, the so-called death seat. Three-fifths of all passenger deaths are caused by striking the instrument panel, the roof, the windshield or its pillars, or being thrown from the car.

The most common driver's fault in auto mishaps is speed. High horsepower is not necessarily dangerous; it can be a lifesaver in passing another car. But there is little reason for anybody to top 80 m.p.h. Asks George Romney, who has become particularly safety conscious since leaving the American Motors presidency to become Governor of Michigan: "Has the auto industry not neglected safety for style and overemphasized speed and power? It makes drivers feel that they are at Daytona Beach and not on highways." G.M. markets a limited-production Chevelle Z-16 that revs up to 160 m.p.h.; Ford last month also brought out a Galaxie that races up to 160 m.p.h., and Detroit sold the first one to Astronaut Gordon Cooper.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association has told its members since 1957 not to participate in races, but Ford and Chrysler have openly broken the ban, and General Motors does not prevent its dealers from slipping cars onto local drag strips. Racing spurs the sales of the winning car especially in the Southern states where there's year-round weather for racing—and the auto fatality rate is the nation's highest. Says Chrysler Safety Director Roy Haeusler: "I find very little defense for our advertising the racing aspects of our cars." To back the contention that speed sells and safety does not, automakers cite the 1956 Ford, a heavily promoted "safety car" that was a dud. Of course, times change: back in 1956, people laughed at filter cigarettes too.

A Step Ahead of Washington

There is no denying that most of the public has been apathetic about using the surest, simplest protection against violent death: the seat belt. Robert Wolf, director of Cornell University's auto-crash injury research, says that if seat belts were used universally they would reduce traffic deaths by at least 35%—more than 17,000 lives a year. Only 30% of the nation's 90 million cars have seat belts, and only 36% of the drivers with belts use them all the time. Hundreds of irate motorists have complained to auto companies that the seat belts are uncomfortable to sit on, and frustrated drivers have used fists, hammers and screw drivers to bolt the red-flashing "Fasten Seat Belts" sign in the Ford Thunderbird. Psychologists reckon that people reject the seat belt because it is a fear-inducing reminder that accidents can happen, and it insults their ability to avoid them. Many would rather indulge their foolhardy feelings of daring-do and invulnerability or their fatalistic instincts that "when it's time to go, I'll go." But Detroit is beginning to realize that safety can be salable. Meanwhile American Motors President Roy Abernethy thinks that the industry should do more "force-feeding" of safety features to consumers.

Washington's General Services Administration, which buys 60,000 Government cars annually, is doing some force-feeding of its own. Last year it issued a long list of safety demands for those cars, and while the Automobile Manufacturers Association managed to get the list softened, the

Government still insisted on better standards for steering columns, padding and door latches. After the GSA ordered 17 safety features built into its 1966 cars, the industry adopted half a dozen of them as standard equipment on all models—and tacked an average of \$60 onto the price.

Racing to keep a step ahead of the federal regulators, General Motors in February announced that all its 1967 models would carry a dual-braking system and a collapsible steering column that would telescope on crash impact. American Motors will buy the steering column from G.M. and Chrysler hints that it is building its own, but Ford for now plans to stick with its rigid steering shaft, which meets GSA standards because it is recessed 3½ inches below the rim of the steering wheel. Last month GSA said that it intends to make even more stringent demands for 1968 cars, among them rear-window defoggers, front-seat headrests to prevent whiplash injuries, lights and reflectors to mark the car's sides, stronger padding on the dash and on the back of front seats. Boston's Liberty Mutual Life Insurance Co. has built a "safety car"—a Chevy Bel Air with automatic fire extinguisher, seats with high, rounded backs to prevent whiplash, and a stay-aware alarm that a drowsy driver can set to ring if he loosens his grip on the wheel.

The New Package

Still unsatisfied, critics argue that the contemplated safety features are merely primitive tack-on devices, that the industry is morally obligated to build an entirely new package with a collapsible, shock-absorbing front end and tail, completely rounded or recessed interior fittings, and a rigid passenger compartment that would protect people like eggs in a crate. Would such cars be too expensive? The companies might well absorb the cost by cutting back on shiny chrome and spearlike ornaments that are now often hazards to both drivers and pedestrians. What of looks? As Chrysler Safety Chief Haeusler has put it: "To a great degree our cars are 'women's hats.' They have to have special attractiveness, and sometimes they even compromise with function." The car is indeed a product of compromise, but the view is gaining ground that the safety engineers must prevail over the stylists. Besides, Detroit's ingenuity is such that a safer car could look every bit as smart as the contemporary models.

Detroit argues that it is working at top speed to upgrade safety, but some problems now defy solution and demand more research. Says Ford President Arjay Miller: "Experience has taught us that intuition and common sense are poor guides. The obvious answer often turns out to be no answer at all." Not long ago, many experts thought that seat belts were dangerous, and that the best way to survive a crash was to be hurled out of the car—notions that experiments have proved to be dead wrong. The automakers have found that soft, spongy padding gives a deceptive sense of safety, does almost nothing to prevent injuries, engineers now use fairly stiff plastic and are looking for a more suitable insulation. They are also trying to devise shoulder harnesses that will prevent fractured skulls without breaking necks or backs in the process—and that passengers can be persuaded to use.

Even these devices are just a prelude. The auto companies are experimenting with a "drivometer"—a device attached to the brake, accelerator and steering apparatus that would warn a driver when he is performing sloppily. Ford is well along with a "wrist steer"—two small wheels at the driver's side that would replace the dangerous steering shaft. Engineers at G.M. are tinkering with "unicontrol," a sort of auto pilot that would pick up directional signals from the road.

The cars of 1966 are safer than ever, and the '67s will be safer still, but there is no car planned or existing that could not be substantially improved. "The automakers have voluntarily adopted many safety features, but they have not gone far enough," says National Safety Council Chief Pyle. When Detroit rolls out a truly crashproof car, it will make all other models obsolete and serve as the greatest goal to sales since Henry Ford's model T. It is eminently possible that the makers of the world's most joyous and necessary appliance will be able to slash the casualty rate by three-quarters—and that is well worth setting as a national goal.

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

Fight of the Tigers

"Dear Comrades," said the note. "We have received your letter of Feb. 24, 1966, inviting us to attend your 23rd Congress as guests. In normal circumstances, it would be considered an indication of friendship. But . . ."

Thus began the most caustic kiss-off in the history of the Sino-Soviet squabble. By the time the Chinese Central Committee had finished its 1,270-word "Dear Ivan" letter, with a facetious reference to "fraternal greetings," it had accused Russia of every philandering

was a secret letter the Russians had sent to most of the pro-Moscow and "neutral" Communist parties of the world. The Soviet slur accused Peking, among other sins, of using "ultra-revolutionary phrasemongering and petty bourgeois revolutionary activities to implement a chauvinistic, hegemonic course." It damned as "adventures" the Red Chinese wars of liberation that have failed, or are failing, in Africa and Southeast Asia. Mao & Co., said the Russians, wish "to represent China as a 'besieged fortress' in hopes of originating a military conflict between Russia and the United States."

F. BEHRENDT



DUTCH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF RED CHINESE SETBACKS
A vehemence interesting to behold

trick from "great power chauvinism" to "collusion" with the U.S. In the process, China opened the split in Communism farther than ever.

"Plot for Peace," Ranted the Chinese: "In attacking Stalin you were attacking Marxism-Leninism, the Soviet Union, Communist parties, China, the people and all the Marxist-Leninists of the world." Invidious comparisons of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin quickly followed: "After Stalin's death, the leaders of Russia, headed by Khrushchev, embarked on the old path of the German Social Democrats Bernstein and Kautsky, who betrayed Marx and Engels."

"You have worked hand in glove with the United States," pouted Peking, "in a whole series of dirty deals" Russia and America were attempting to forge "a ring of encirclement" around China, "to establish a Holy Alliance that would exclude Peking from the rest of the world."

What really angered Mao Tse-tung

so that they may, 'sit on the mountain and watch the fight of the tigers.'"

In their own letter, the Chinese found other secret Soviet slanders to complain about: "You wantonly vilified the Chinese Communist Party as being guilty of 'adventurism,' 'split-ism,' 'Trotskyism,' 'nationalism,' 'dogmatism' and so on and so forth. You have also been spreading rumors alleging that China is obstructing aid to Viet Nam." You have gone so far as to state that 'China is not a Socialist country.'

The Russian note was not above a little smarm. In a slam at Chinese militance, it had clucked at "such a disparaging approach to the life of millions of people, to the fate of entire nations." After such words, it was little wonder that the Chinese stayed away from Moscow this week when the Congress opened.

"Always on Sale." Such vehemence made it all the more interesting to see which Red nations sent delegations to Moscow's meeting. The North Viet-

namese, assiduously courted by Peking Man Aleksandr Shelepin itenary, did show up Hanoi's delegation headed by Party Secretary Le Duan greeted at the airport by Brezhnev Kosygin themselves, after a brief—probably embarrassing—stopover Peking. Hanoi could ill afford to let the Russians: by Moscow's own admission, Russia has pumped "in 1965 weapons and war material worth \$1 million rubles [\$550 million] to North Viet Nam. Only Albania, Peking ally, plus the Communist ties of New Zealand and Japan along with Peking in the boycotted Moscow Congress

Why had the Chinese come visiting? With their ideological enemies, the Russians, dominating Communist headlines at the Soviet 23rd Party Congress in Moscow, Peking had to show that there was at least one "nonaligned" capital where they could visit without fear of insult. Ayub's was it

INDIA

Visitor in a Sari

It had taken quite a while to get India's Prime Minister to the U.S. The invitation had been extended originally to Lal Bahadur Shastri in January 1965, was put off somewhat tactlessly by Lyndon Johnson three months later, and re-extended in October. When Shastri died before he could make the trip, the invitation went out anew to his successor, Indira Gandhi.

India's new leader has been plagued by a torrent of problems at home, and

last week, when she was finally able to get away, another snag developed. Air India's navigators went on strike for higher wages, grounding the Boeing 707 that she was to use for her trip Undismayed, Mrs. Gandhi climbed into a slower, medium-range Caravelle of India's domestic airline for the 18-hour flight to Paris, which required four refueling stops.

After lunch and talks in Paris with Charles de Gaulle, Mrs. Gandhi boarded a more suitable transport for her transatlantic flight a White House 707.

The President and the Prime Min-

The Nude on the Basketball Court, and Other Chinese Stories

Military directives rarely make snappy reading, dealing as they do with such weighty subjects as the terrors of trench foot, the best way to dig a latrine and the importance of keeping boots polished. But as in most matters, Red China is different. A 776-page collection of Red Chinese army documents just published by Stanford University's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace is a fascinating exception. The papers, some of which were captured from Chinese Communist junks off the South China coast, some probably filched by Chinese Nationalist spies, cover most of 1961—a year when Red China was nursing bruised shins from the disastrous "Great Leap Forward." They reflect nagging discontent in army and peasant ranks as well as the age-old Chinese belief in the efficacy of numerals as a cure-all for despair. Excerpts

Comrade Wang Tung-Hsing's Report on Ideological Conditions in the Central Garrison

Because of the far-reaching effects of the class struggle, especially the Two-Road Struggle in the villages on ideology, and also the natural disaster which happened last year and this year, there is some unrest in thought among a part of our comrades. The soldier Chang Li-chen said: "At present, what the peasants eat in the villages is even worse than what dogs ate in the past. At that time dogs ate chaff and grain." Commune members ask: "Is Chairman Mao going to allow us to starve to death?" The soldier Liu Ho-shan said: "Our country has no definite plans at all. Why are we unable to buy things?"

Report of the Political Department of the 7th Division of Railway Engineer Troops about the Conduct of the 8th Co. of the 29th Regiment Whose Sideline Production Group

Strung up and Beat the People

On Nov. 14, a local woman commune member, Yeh Hsiang-shu (poor peasant), cut off and stole from this production group seven heads of white cabbage totaling 6 chin. Yeh, when forced to speak, had to admit that her husband Chou Hsing-jung had also stolen some vegetables. The production group seized Chou also, then took him, and wife, with hands tied, and hung them by the wrists from the basketball goal for ten minutes. Then Platoon Commander Yang Ju-hsing announced two conditions: "First, they must give us back 3,000 catties (two tons) of cabbage; second, if they do not give us the cabbage they must take off their trousers and thank us for their kindness." Yeh soon had all her clothes taken off. Yang refused to shed his clothes, whereupon Yang and his soldiers cut his belt in two with a scythe and laughed. Yeh used a handkerchief to cover the lower part of her body. When the victims began to shiver with the cold, Yang cried out: "You can warm up by running

around the basketball court once!" [Yang was later arrested and tried for "foolish, ridiculous actions."]

From Three Suicides We See How to Carry Our Supervisory Education in the Company

In the 0055th Army Unit, there happened from September to December 1960 three incidents that led quickly to suicides. The first involved a soldier of the Artillery Company, Kung Ho-yu, an excellent League member and a "five-excellence" soldier. On Aug. 25 he stole three yuan (\$1.80), and on the 30th of the same month confessed his wrong. Someone, while charging him with previous thefts, cried, "If you freely confess, we shall be lenient with you, but if you deny these charges we shall be very severe." Kung showed that his feelings were deeply and bitterly stirred, and that night, when he was on sentry duty, shot and killed himself with his rifle.

The second was Wang Yu-ts'ai, who stole a pair of rubber shoes. While on a working assignment, he once ate an extra bun stuffed with meat, and the Deputy Commander fiercely shouted at him: "Who gave you permission to eat that extra bun?" Later, his old disease, epilepsy, broke out twice as a result of these emotional disturbances. Wang took his own life.

The third is Chen P'an-ting, deputy squad leader of the Machine Gun Company. In September, after returning from a visit to his family, he showed some dissatisfaction with the grain situation, and said: "Some people are saying in China there once appeared a Sun Yat-sen and the grain was piled sky-high." Twenty days later he was reported to the Deputy Political Director for "reactionary remarks." Fearing "some kind of punishment," Chen used a Thompson gun to kill himself.

To readers of the Hoover Institution's anthology, a simple moral emerges for the Red Chinese Commissar: those responsible for educational work in the army should have studied the reasons for these examples of backward thinking and tried to reform them. To that end, the Red Chinese army has developed a series of programs that sound like some sort of ideological drill manual. The

Three Skills Movement emphasizes "four grasps and one investigation"; there are "fiveстерненес" (excessive reports, excessive documents, excessive meetings, excessive persons in office, excessive general appeal) and two remembrances, which can be applied in the search for "sweetness." Out of it all comes the most powerful of Chinese weapons—the "spiritual atomic bomb," against which no capitalist-imperialist can stand. After all, as Army Education Boss Hsiao Hua wrote in a 1961 treatise, the People's Liberation Army of Red China has a long way to go toward perfection. "Some of the troops have an incorrect attitude toward military service," wrote Hsiao. "They think that they are 'soldiers of peace'."



DE GAULLE & MRS. GANDHI
The trip was via Air-L.B.J.

ister had much to talk about. President Johnson hoped to help strengthen India so that it can take its place along with Japan as a bulwark against Chinese Communist expansion in Asia. In the talks, he would gently insist that India must take steps to control its population growth, revamp its outmoded agricultural methods, and find some *modus vivendi* with Pakistan so that the two bitter foes do not expend their economic resources armng against each other.

Indira Gandhi was eager to thank the President for the 3,000,000 tons of emergency food that have already begun to arrive in India, would argue that India deserves full resumption of the U.S. economic aid that was cut off during last fall's border war with Pakistan. She welcomed, too, the opportunity of placing India's viewpoint on world problems before the President. "We have been talking at each other a great deal," she said before leaving Delhi. "It will be good to talk with each other."

INDONESIA

The President, the Generals,
And the Angry Young Men

"How about a smile?" asked a reporter. "I am smiling," snapped a puffy-faced President Sukarno at the Pakistan Ambassador's reception. "I'm smiling at the many foreign correspondents abroad. Abroad they say I have been ousted. They say I am a sick man. They say I nearly committed suicide. But I am not a sick man. I have not been ousted. I will never try to commit suicide because I love life. Here I am. I am still President of the Republic. I am still leader of the revolution."

Perhaps. But a better judge of the situation was Sukarno's Japanese third wife, the fetching Ratna Sari Dewi, who donned tight slacks to spend a Sunday

on the golf links with the nation's new apparent strongman, Lieut. General Suharto (he plays; she doesn't). Word had it that she was playing a mediator's role between her husband and the new regime, attempting to talk Sukarno into giving in gracefully to the generals. Though his phone line was now cut and his helicopters were grounded, Sukarno still held out against the new, smaller Cabinet, purged of Communists, proposed by Suharto and his men.

Patiently, with elaborate deliberation, the generals argued on and on. They were backed by more than just their own determination. Bespectacled Liem Bian Khoen, 24, a leader in Djakarta's potent and demonstration-happy student organization, KAMI, warned that if no new Cabinet is named, "You shall see. We shall not just sit here," and Brigadier General Ibnu Subroto, army chief of information, agreed: "I hope that the President will give his consent. We have to deal with angry young men." On one point, at least, the students and the generals were in accord. Subroto announced that the new regime would be "leftist to the end of time, against colonialism, capitalism and all forms of neocolonialism and imperialism."

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Political Climate

It was antigovernment protest at its most verbose. In Danang, the English-language placards read: "Down With the American Conspiracy of Hindering the Summoning of a Constitutional Parliament. To Hinder the Summoning of Parliament Is to Intervene in the Viet Nam's Own Affairs." In Hué, the ancient Buddhist center 50 miles northwest of Danang, 400 students took over the radio station for two days, broadcasting speeches and communiqués denouncing the government of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and punctuating the polemics with, of all things, John Philip Sousa's *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.



PREMIER KY GREETS VIETNAMESE CROWD
The threat was moderated.

When ten irate students showed Danang's spanking-new transmitter, an official radio station, over the microphones "Why not?" asked quietly. "It's a communist station."

That seemed to be the Ky government's solution last week for the demonstrations triggered by the capture of I Corps General Nguyen Chanh last month. A harsh crackdown on demonstrators—mostly students—only play into the hands of the anti-Buddhists, who first rose to power when the Saigon government invaded pagodas three years ago. Moreover, anti-Ky groups had only the vaguest aims—and the mildest of manners.

The Viet Cong, of course, were to exploit the unrest in I Corps. Last week Red agents infiltrated some demonstrations in Hué and took advantage of the two-day general strike to cut down traffic and slowed traffic at Danang's busy port. That sent Premier Ky to the nationwide scene this week's end with a warning that the government would "move strongly to quell agitation. But Ky moderated his threat with a promise that South Vietnam would be given a new constitution by November at the latest. Other officials hinted that national elections of a civilian government might be held late this year—nearly a month ahead of Ky's earlier schedule.

FORMOSA

Problems of Age

It was an official day of celebration throughout the island. Shops were decked with flags, sold out and the streets were crowded with children marching through the city. Firecrackers and exploding strings forced bystanders to cover their ears. Nevertheless, there was a sense of concern in Formosa that the National Assembly would not accept the motions of election proposed by Chiang Kai-shek.

How good is Ballantine's Scotch?

Ask any bartender.



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1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Who said you can't buy success?

Grand Prix's secret, like all successes, is that there's nothing else quite like it. An elegant drink made Elegance that begins with an orchard, a delicate blend, and ends with a refined garnish. It's a drink, but it's also a statement of taste, of style, of substance, of time, of tradition, of craftsmanship, of artistry, with no equals.

the Grand Prize to the
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Editorial credit goes to
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secutive six-year term as President of Nationalist China.

The Gimo is now 78. Even he complains that his memory is beginning to fail, and he finds it increasingly difficult to keep his temper in front of foreign diplomats. "A man of my age ought to retire," he told the National Assembly recently, "but our lost mainland has not yet been recovered, and our nation has to continue to prosper. I cannot but redouble my efforts to finish our unfinished tasks until I die."

As a necessary precaution, Chiang sought a Vice President who could take on more of his administrative and diplomatic burdens and take over interim control of the country if he died in office. His choice was balding, Western-educated Premier Yen Chia-kan, 61, a vigorous administrator and the author of many of Formosa's dramatic economic reforms—and yet, surprisingly, a controversial figure in the Kuomintang. Unlike most Nationalist leaders, Yen is neither a military man nor a faithful party professional; he is even accused of being ill informed about Kuomintang "party history." So wary of him is the party hierarchy, in fact, that nearly half of the members of the National Assembly invalidated their ballots rather than cast their votes for him as Vice President.

In any case, Yen will be no more than an interim leader. The real power of the Kuomintang is now held by Chiang's eldest son, General Chiang Ching-kuo, 56, who is destined to take over eventually from his father.

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMANY

In office, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer considered it his solemn duty to constantly remind West Germans of the evil designs of Moscow. Out of office, he is proving more flexible. At the annual Christian Democratic Party convention in Bonn last week, he announced that "I have not given up hope that some day the Soviet Union will recognize that the division of Germany, and thus also the division of Europe, is not to its advantage. The other day something happened in world history that, I believe, should have been stressed much more by the papers—I mean the mediation of the Soviet Union between India and Pakistan. Ladies and gentlemen, this was one proof that the Soviet Union has joined the ranks of the nations who want peace."

His words only echoed opinion in Western capitals. But they reflected most of the convention's 577 exiles. West Germans, who live in shadow of the Berlin Wall, are more aware conscious of Russia's armed presence beyond their borders than most Americans. And their politicians are apt to blame the Soviet Union for the fact that, 20 years after V-E day, Germany remains divided.

Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, who took over as party chairman from Adenauer last month.

ast week, took a more conventional approach. He won prolonged applause when he pounced on the Tashkent agreement as something Russia had undertaken only out of regional self-interest, adding acidly that "we would welcome it if the Soviet Union declared its readiness for similar peace actions in Central Europe."

cover the unarmed 20-megaton weapon.

The main job went to the same submersible that originally found the bomb *Herm*, a 22-ft deep sea research ship whose bulbous shape resembles a puffed-up blowfish. Using its mechanical claw *Herm* was supposed to slip a cable around the bomb so that it could be towed by surface ship up the incline to a plateau 2,000 ft below the sea's surface. Once it was on level ground, the bomb would be clamped in steel jaws and brought up to the 400-ft level, where Navy divers would inspect the bomb. If it was intact and constituted no radiation danger, it was to be winched aboard the U.S.S. *Hoist*. By special order of Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, the bomb was to be shown



ERHARD & ADENAUER
words both echoed and shocked.

ations calling for a nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Among its proposals was an offer to sign bilateral agreements with Russia and the East European countries for the exchange of military observers.

members of the press and photographed—the first time in history that the U.S. was dropping the top-secret veils that surround its current nuclear weaponry.

On the first try, Alvin accidentally nudged the bomb, and it rolled 20 ft down the steep slope. On the second try, the bomb ominously rolled another 15 ft down the slope. For a third try, the Navy attempted to snag the bomb's parachute with grappling hooks, but that failed too. All the while, the Navy's recovery operation was severely hampered by high winds that roiled the water around

Finally, at week's end the sea calmed, and little *Ahm* at last succeeded in lassoing a line around the bomb without sending it tumbling down the under-hill. Ever so gingerly, the U.S.S. *May* began to drag the bomb up the rope. The bomb had just begun toudge when suddenly the steel cable snapped. Fortunately, the bomb settled near its old position. Admiral Guest ordered his men to try again.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Last Lap

"The tide has turned, and is now running strongly in our favor. One more shove and we can get Britain back on course." It was a brave boast, but as Britons prepared to go to the polls for this week's general election, Tory Leader Ted Heath clearly needed to pull out all the stops. Nor was his claim without a shred of support. Britain's major opinion polls did, in fact, register a slight shift to the Conservatives, though hardly enough to slice significantly into the Labor Party's huge lead.

It was, however, enough to convince hard-driving Heath that his fast-moving campaign was paying off. By air and auto, he continued to crisscross the nation, rapping Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Laborites for rising prices, for failure to settle the Rhodesian crisis, and for waste in government. "Vote Labor and pay later," Heath warned his listeners.

Confident of victory, Wilson brushed aside Heath's charges, turning the accusations into attacks on the 13 years of Tory rule that preceded Wilson's brief 17 months in office. He was still coolly confident of victory as he made his way by train around the hustings. At one Labor rally, he was hit in the face by a stink bomb thrown by a 14-year-old boy. The fluid splashed into Wilson's right eye, and he retreated from the platform for emergency medical treatment. After two days the inflammation subsided, but the incident pointed up the campaign's most unlovely aspect: a surge of violent heckling by teen-age hoodlums.

Heckling is an honored British tradition, and Wilson, for one, thrives on quick parries with dissenters. At a recent rally, when a heckler shouted "Rubbish!" Wilson shot back: "We'll take up your special interest in a mo-



HEATH REBUTTING HECKLER
Need for a shave.

ment, sir." But neither Wilson nor anyone else could always cope with the current ragging. Every major candidate had been shouted down repeatedly, and the Labor Party temporarily barred from its rallies a BBC television crew that was filming a documentary on hecklers on the grounds that being on-camera only inspires more extreme behavior.

As the campaign drew into its final week, there were predictions that Harold Wilson and his Laborites would win by 120 seats or more in the 630-seat House of Commons. Wilson's aides were talking less ambitiously of perhaps a 50-seat majority. They feared that Labor supporters might be so mesmerized by the poll predictions that they would stay away from the polls in large numbers out of sheer apathy. If that happened, the Tories might indeed turn the tide in marginal districts and, at least, avert a Labor landslide. By any pollster's calculations, however, victory seemed beyond the Tories' reach.

FINLAND

Forgetting the Past

Finland has kept its independence as a nation by carefully avoiding any internal or external policy that would rile the neighboring Russians. Since 1958, the Finns' readiness to please has even extended to excluding from the Cabinet all Social Democrats, against whom the Russians developed a grudge after World War II. But in last week's elections, Finnish voters were plainly unbothered by Moscow's traditional veto. In the biggest postwar gain in a Finnish election, the Social Democrats won 18 new seats, jumped ahead of the Center (formerly Agrarian) Party and the Communists to become the strongest party, with 56 seats in the 200-seat unicameral Diet.

In a sense, the vote was a rebuke to



WILSON AFTER STINK BOMB ATTACK
Fear of apathy



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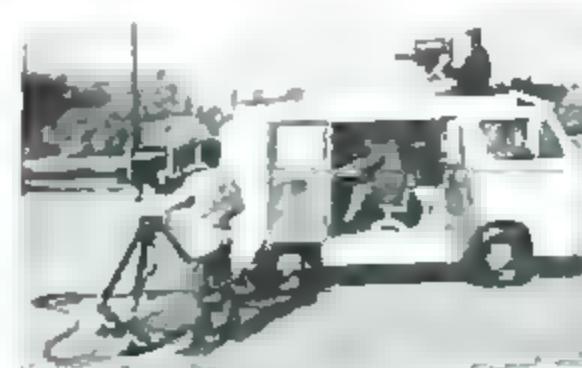
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SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

COMMERCIAL ELECTRONICS DIVISION



LLERAS RESTREPO ON THE HUSTINGS

Blood going v. blood flowing.

last December, more than 14,000 refugees have left, running the total number of Cuban refugees in the U.S. to 270,000. In some cases, Castro tried to smuggle in agents; he even tried to export a few lepers on the sly. But immigration screening has been tight, and few ringers have slipped past interrogators. Some 30% of the refugees have remained in South Florida, and other concentrations are around New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and New Orleans. The rest are scattered over the 50 states.

"Everyone in Cuba is bitter," said one young mother from Camaguey, who arrived in Miami last week. "There isn't much food, rice is rationed, and you have to stand in line every day for coffee. Cuba is a jail." Added her husband, a former railroad shop foreman: "They don't give you work if you are not with the government, and if you are with the government, you have to cut sugar cane, join the militia and stand guard." Cubans who decide to leave lose everything. Those in nonessential jobs are summarily fired, and must sign over their cars, homes and savings. The only things they can take with them are a few personal belongings—and hope.

COLOMBIA

A Threat of Daggers

Around the Caribbean, Latin Americans have a saying when senselessness creeps into affairs. "*La banda está borracha*," they shrug—"The band is drunk." In mountain-ridged, coffee-growing Colombia, the band went on its binge from 1948 to 1958, when the nation's two ruling parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, fell into an ugly civil war that killed 200,000 Colombians. The country has been suffering from the hangover ever since.

Last week's congressional elections show how painful the headache is. In

an effort to end *la violencia*, Liberals and Conservatives* agreed in 1958 to unite in a National Front, with the presidency alternating between parties every four years, and a two-thirds majority required for all laws. Things calmed down all right; but without any real opposition to the ruling coalition, apathy ensued. With only 40% of Colombia's 7,000,000 adults going to the polls, the front last week won 102 seats in the 190-man House of Representatives, and 60 in the 106-man Senate—short of the needed two-thirds in both cases.

Lost Contact. The real winner was former Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 66, a general who came to power with the aid of the military in 1953 as their unsuccessful candidate to end the vendetta and was removed by the military in 1957, after having disgusted Colombia with censorship and pilfering of public funds. Last week, though ignored throughout the campaign by TV and press, and personally forbidden to run, Rojas had the satisfaction of seeing his ANAPO party win half a million votes, 18% of the total—making him the unofficial and highly embarrassing leader of the opposition.

Leaders of the front knew all too well what had happened. Said Carlos Lleras Restrepo, 57, the Liberals' candidate for President next May: "The traditional parties have lost contact with a certain sector of the population." He meant the thousands of *campesinos* who squat in squalid shacks surrounding Bogotá and Cartagena and have been growing restive under the lackluster rule of Conservative President Guillermo León Valencia. During

* Labels that mean little. "I know Liberals who are the most reactionary people around," sighs a Conservative. "And several of the bright young Conservatives are far more radical than most Liberals."



ROJAS PINILLA

Thunderball

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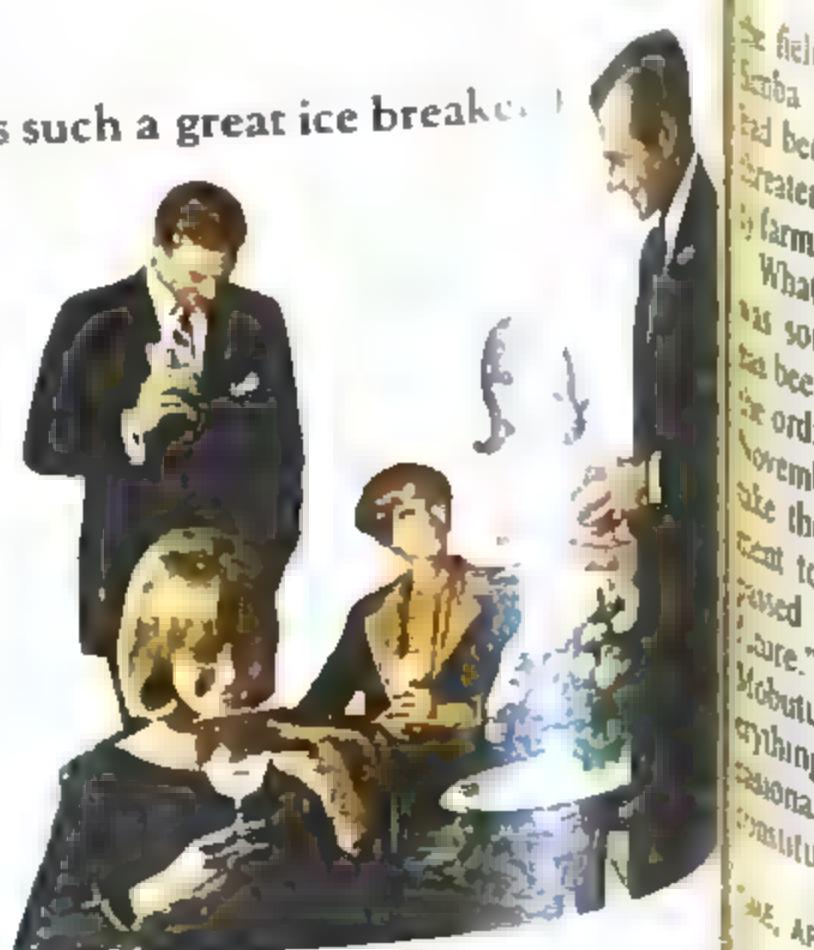
GOOD YEAR
CHEMICALS



Gilbey's famous frosty bottle pours a martini as crisp as a cold snap

Cold and dry and crisp as arctic air. If that's your idea of a martini, Gilbey's is your kind of gin. This very, very London Dry Gin was born in England in 1872, the unique creation of brothers Walter and Alfred Gilbey. It is still made to the secret family recipe. (And especially packaged in a distinctive, costly frosted bottle to foil would-be imitators.) Make your next martini with Gilbey—and make it snappy.

(Is that why Gilbey's is such a great ice breaker?)



THE CONGO

Last Chance for Parliament
Can a military regime coexist with elected Parliament? Four months ago, when General Joseph Mobutu overthrew the Congo's perennially squabbling civilian government, he gave coexistence a try. Announcing that the nation would be under military rule for two years, Mobutu nevertheless allowed Parliament to stay open to approve his decrees and constitutional amendments. It was a worthy enough experiment, but it never got off the ground. Parliament immediately went into a long recess, and even it finally reconvened last month, angry Mobutu all but put it out of business.

"My disillusionments have been great," a general told the assembled legislators. Profiting from the recess, certain "you have spread false reports in your home areas. You have done everything to sow disorder."

Mobutu had obvious cause for complaint. Many Assemblymen had spent their vacations whipping up local sentiment against his measures to cut down government spending and end their fabled kickbacks and bribes. Some had rallied against his campaign to persuade Congolese farmers to return to

DON CARL STEPHEN



MOBUTU
Nothing left but their salaries

In the field they had deserted during the Simba rebellion, and their opposition had been so effective that Mobutu had threatened to send troops to the empty farm lands. What most annoyed Mobutu, though, was something much more direct. "It has been said that Parliament will annul the ordinances that I have decreed since November. Therefore I am forced to reiterate the decision not to permit Parliament to discuss either the laws I have passed or the laws I shall pass in the future." Last week, as good as his word, Mobutu stripped the legislators of everything but their salaries—and the occasional right of rubber-stamping his constitutional amendments. And, as he

had warned, unless they stopped their political intrigues, he could close Parliament altogether. "This," said Mobutu, "is your last chance."

GUINEA

Parlor Games at the Villa Sily

As far as President Sékou Touré is concerned, French-speaking Guinea and English-speaking Ghana have been "one country" ever since he and Kwame Nkrumah swore their eternal togetherness in 1958. When Nkrumah was toppled from power, therefore, it seemed the honorable thing to call for 50,000 Guinea volunteers to march into Ghana and restore "the Redeemer" to his throne. Trouble was that to get there, Sékou's soldiers would have had to march 250 miles through an entirely different country, the Ivory Coast, whose President Félix Houphouët-Boigny called out his own 3,000-man army to repel the "Guinean hordes."

That was a fortnight ago, and not a shot has yet been fired. For all his threats, Sékou Touré apparently has neither the intention nor the manpower to march anywhere. A few scraggly lads from his Revolutionary Youth Movement answered the call to arms and were sent upcountry to drill with brooms and wooden guns, but Sékou has not dared to call up the 30,000 Guineans who once served in the French army—for fear that they would turn their weapons on him instead. What with West Africa's current epidemic of military coups (five since December), Sékou has not even seen fit to take his 3,000-man regular army away from its current assignment building roads in the interior.

And what of Nkrumah, the man on whose behalf the "invasion" was supposedly planned? His ex-Messianic Majesty, still the guest of Sékou Touré, has been installed in a well-guarded seaside house called "Villa Sily." He whiles away the hours indoors playing parlor games with his private secretary

CYPRUS

Toward a Boiling Point

"Not 50 men will follow you," sniffed Cyprus' bearded Archbishop Makarios to retired Greek Army Colonel George Grivas. The year was 1951, and the two were meeting in Cyprus to discuss Grivas' plan for an armed uprising against the British. Though Grivas went on to lead his revolt—and help win independence for Cyprus in 1960—the soldier and the Archbishop could never seem to make peace. Last week they were bickering as bitterly as ever. Only this time their disagreement was threatening the six-month-old government of Greek Premier Stephanopoulos.

The hatreds run deep. Makarios, now President of Cyprus, considers Grivas a trigger-happy jackboot bent on grabbing full power on the island. Grivas in turn claims that Makarios is vacillating, dishonest, and a dupe of the Communists.



MAKARIOS & GRIVAS
Nothing to lose but their claims.

nists, who has no intention of honoring his pledge to bring about enosis, the unity of Cyprus with Greece. In 1964, the Greek government seemed to side with Grivas when it sent him to Nicosia to take charge of Cyprus' 11,000-man National Guard, the regular 950-man Greek army contingent, and some 8,500 mainland "volunteers" stationed in Cyprus to help ward off any possible invasion by Turkey. Ever since then, Makarios has been appealing to Athens to curtail Grivas' powers, and to put the local Cypriot National Guard back under Cypriot control.

When all else failed, Makarios claimed a few weeks ago that Grivas was plotting to assassinate him. His "evidence" was a Grivas letter to a government official in Athens, warning that if Makarios stood firm on the National Guard issue "I am ready to take action." Grivas scoffed at the accusation.

"If I wanted to assassinate you," he told Makarios, "would I be writing letters about it? You should know better. You've organized so many political assassinations yourself."

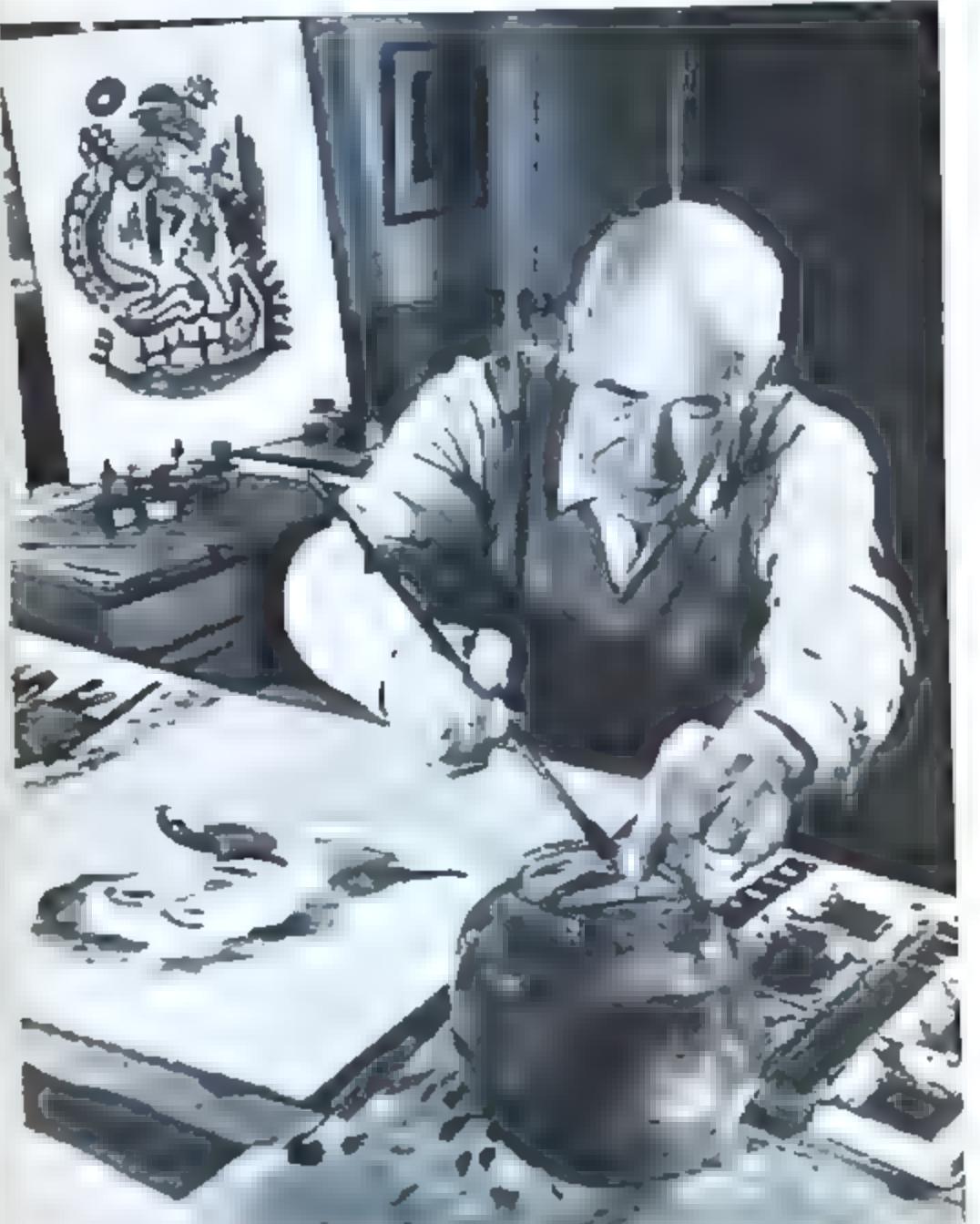
Last week Greece's staunchly anti-Makarios Progressive Party warned that any breakdown by the Stephanopoulos government would cost the government the party's eight votes, which would knock Stephanopoulos right out of power. Through it all, Makarios refused to retreat. "Whether you like it or not," he told Stephanopoulos, "I plan to go ahead and pass legislation unilaterally to bring the National Guard under Cypriot government orders."

At week's end the dispute was rapidly boiling toward a crisis. Though Stephanopoulos backs Grivas, Makarios has the support of the Greek Foreign Minister, the right wing, the Communists, and possibly even King Constantine himself. Makarios also remains strong among the Cypriots. This week Grivas is scheduled to fly to Athens to plan his next move with Stephanopoulos.

PEOPLE

Coming from the old pornographer who has been monotonously celebrating himself for years in such tomes as *Sexus*, *Nexus* and *Plexus*, the report was an astonishing relief. "I've written everything I want to say," announced Henry Miller, 74—at long last. From now on, said Miller as he opened a show of his fanciful watercolor paintings in Los Angeles' Westwood Art Association gallery, he will chase down his muse primarily with brushes. "It seems to me that the battle for freedom on the sex problem has been won," he pro-

LOS ANGELES TIMES



HENRY MILLER
Astonishing relief.

claimed. Then, in a meditation that many wish he had made years ago, he added: "I would hope that younger writers would find something more important to rebel against."

The joint will feature an art gallery, a color-TV lounge, a little boutique selling hippies' clothes from London's Carnaby Street and three loud, plangent go-go bands. Cheetah, a "center of happenings" opening this month on Broadway, ought to be a great spot for mods to rock in. Yet the co-partner financing the fun house will probably never frug there. "I seldom go to discothèques," explains Entrepreneur Borden Stevenson, 33. "This is a business investment." Then he brightened a bit when he thought of his late father, Adlai Stevenson. "I'm sorry he's not around to see this place," said Borden. "I'm sure he would have had a lot of laughs."

"Not long ago in Paris," recalled the speaker at Washington's Bolling Air Force Base, "I went to buy a ticket

on the helicopter service. The girl at the counter asked me to spell my name 'Oh,' she said, 'you spell it like our helicopter.'" Exactly. Aviation Pioneer Igor Sikorsky, 76, reminisced about the romance and passion of flying at a banquet honoring the father of the helicopter. "My first one was more vibration, dust and noise," he laughed, "and it couldn't fly. But now as an old man and as a designer, I am pleased most that altogether the helicopter has saved more than 100,000 persons from death"—through rescue and supporting work in Viet Nam, Korea, World War II and many peacetime disasters

Because Johann Sebastian Bach hymned religiously in dozens of soaring masses, magnificats, motets and fugues and developed the contrapuntal organ that still accompanies the Gregorian chant, three pious Venetian music lovers wrote the Vatican's weekly *Osservatore Della Domenica* that he should be considered for sainthood. Alas, replied Theologian Benvenuto Matteucci, a Protestant is a Protestant, however sublime his music. "There is an esthetic and artistic religious sentiment in his musical expressions," Monsignor Matteucci sympathized, "but it is only through the true and only church of Christ that salvation and sainthood come." So Lutheran Bach must remain unbaptized except to secular ears

She can read a novel now, though slowly. She walks well, except for a slight limp. So well, in fact, that Actress Patricia Neal, 40, recovering remarkably from three massive strokes during pregnancy last year, left her healthy seven-month-old baby at home in Buckingham and rode down to London's Grosvenor House to attend the British Film Academy's annual awards ceremony. Smiling as Actor James Mason tucked off some of the winners in the lesser categories, she suddenly heard him intone "Best Foreign Actress Patricia Neal"—for her role as Admiral John Wayne's girl friend in the Pacific war epic *In Harm's Way*. Now weeping as well as smiling, Pat accepted the British "Oscar" and said "It shouldn't have been me." The audience exuberantly disagreed

An eleven-year-old girl named Grace Bedell had written, saucily suggesting that "if you will let your whiskers grow, you would look a great deal better, for your face is so thin." Bemused by the note, Republican Presidential Candidate Abraham Lincoln wrote back to Grace in October 1860. "As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection [sic] if I were to begin now?" Affection or not, Lincoln grew the beard and won the election. His note to Grace survived through three genera-

tions in her family, until it was sold at auction last week in Manhattan for \$20,000 to TV Documentary Producer David Wolper

Disney's Pollyanna is looking like an aging Lolita now, but it's perfectly all right. Old Child Actress Hayley Mills, who will reach 20 this month, arrived in Manhattan under the chaperonage of her parents—their photographer did manage to snap that the kid has lovely legs. In fact, it is such a family concern that the latest picture, the upcoming *Giant*, Mother Mary Bell Mills wrote the script. Father John Mills directed



HAYLEY MILL PARENTS

Daughter Hayley acts in a movie who falls in love with a silly thing about her mother John. "One day she looks back next day 24"

Bob Hope's CIA from Viet Nam was a hit show, but it wasn't seen ratings scored most popular special Nielsen may know best for his book, *Adventures for Fun and Gossips*. *Investigations* mailed out phony A.C. Nielsen Co. sample viewers, so they would watch 'I chose his show is such a great movie.' 'Maybe I'll hire Mr. Sparger repeated it times, but Nielsen v company filed a suit in Oklahoma Circuit Court.'



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY

The Kiss of Peace

The visit to the Vatican last week by the Most Rev. Michael Ramsey, Anglican Primate of All England, was shadowed by enmities past and lighted by amity present. Apart from a 1960 "courtesy visit" to John XXIII by Ramsey's predecessor, Geoffrey Fisher, no Archbishop of Canterbury had called on a Pope since Archbishop Arundel went to see Boniface IX in 1397, long before Henry VIII broke with Rome. Distrust of the papacy still persists strongly in Britain. Hitchhiking aboard the airliner winging Ramsey to Rome were five unwelcome ministers of Baptist and Presbyterian sects, who on arrival doffed their black jackets to expose white tunics with identical slogans: "Archbishop Ramsey—a traitor to Protestant England."

"Growing in Unity." Pope Paul VI and the 100th Archbishop of Canterbury met in a site suitable to the historicity of the encounter: the Sistine Chapel, where Popes are chosen and, upon death, rest in state. Beneath the fading colors of Michelangelo's vision of the Last Judgment, Paul and Canterbury sat on identical red brocade and gilt chairs. Canterbury addressed the Pope as "Your Holiness, dear brother in Christ," and as his main point said: "It is only as the world sees us Christians growing visibly in unity that it will accept through us the divine message of peace." Paul, replying in Latin, described the meeting as a rebuilding of "a bridge that for centuries had lain fallen between the Church of Rome and Canterbury: a

bridge of respect, of esteem and charity." The two men sealed the symbolic reconciliation of the churches by a "kiss of peace"—actually an embrace.

The Anglican bishops and clergy of Canterbury's retinue bowed to kiss the Pope's ring. Somewhat more coolly, the Roman cardinals shook hands with Canterbury and the other Anglicans; only the ecumenical-minded Augustin Cardinal Bea bowed. Then Paul and Canterbury retired to the Pope's private study for a 65-minute private discussion. Next day they met for prayers together at the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the (Vatican) Walls.

Courage & Initiative. The concrete consequence of the meeting was the establishment of a joint permanent theological dialogue to study ways to resolve what Canterbury called "the formidable difficulties of doctrine" that separate the two churches: papal supremacy and infallibility, the bodily ascension of Mary into heaven, the refusal of the Roman church to recognize the validity of Anglican holy orders, the insistence by some Roman Catholic priests that converts from the Anglican Church must be rebaptized. Ramsey also said bluntly that his church found Paul's easing of Catholic rules on mixed marriages (TIME, March 25) unsatisfactory to Anglicans—presumably because the Roman church still insists on marriage before a priest and raising children as Catholics.

For Canterbury—whose term has been troubled by the decline of his church's relevance for most Englishmen—the act of calling on Rome demon-

strated courage and initiative. It summed up the encounter as friendship and a move toward union not yet a meeting of perfect unity. The prelates parted, Paul slipped a diamond-and-emerald episcopal ring and gave it to Michael Ramsey.

THE BIBLE

Superior Samaritans

In 331 B.C. the Samaritan rebels against Alexander the Great and kill to death his prefect Andromachus, avenging Macedonian army that invaded Samaria, surrounded 300 Samaritan nobles hiding in a cave near Jericho and by lighting fires at the entrance the cave managed to asphyxiate the Samaritans.

For 23 centuries the bodies lay in innermost recesses of the cave beneath a growing cover of bat guano until some Arabs, poking around the desert in the hope of finding someable antiquities, stumbled on the Samaritan skeletons in 1962. Digging the dung, they unearthed jewelry and papyrus, property deeds and marriage contracts that the Samaritans had carried with them to their death. The Arabs brought some of the scrolls to Kando, the former Bethlehemite who made himself an antique dealer by selling the famed Dead Sea Scrolls. Kando in turn alerted American archaeologists working in Israel and Harvard's Frank M. Cross came to Israel to acquire and study the Samaritan finds. Now Kando, who knows more about Samaritan history than does the tribe that still survives,

Contrary to H. A. Gaster's theory that the Samaritans abandoned their Jewish faith about 700 B.C., the documents found in the cave show that the Jews at the time of the Samaritan schism had to be dated in during the 1st century. Cross says that the Samaritans married Greeks and even before Alexander the Great, a number of the seals with "lovely" goddesses' names were found in Jewish tombs. This thus challenges the theory that the Samaritans were degraded people. So more like the good Samaritan he warned his town of the Sanhedrin that the Samaritans were deified.

Today there are still living in village and town. Every year they go to their temple at Mount Gerizim in Israel, still conving the true faith. In addition to the old temples, there are new ones.



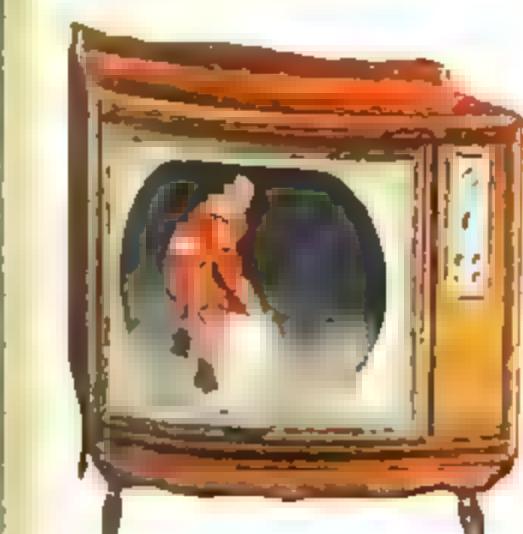
POPE & CANTERBURY IN SISTINE CHAPEL
Despite formidable differences, a bridge being rebuilt



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Douglas researchers are looking for a "falling star" that won't burn up in the earth's atmosphere

When a space vehicle plunges back into the atmosphere, it wants to burn up like a "falling star." Douglas knows this problem goes deeper than the surface of the spacecraft. It involves an active study of the total system: spacecraft design, systems integration, and man-machine relationships. It requires the proper balance of advanced science combination with practical engineering. Result?

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You're looking at the art of Fabergé through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass

You can see every cherub and curlicue, every glint and nuance of color in this cloisonné covered cup by the master craftsman to the Russian Imperial Court. Float—the new glass from Pittsburgh Plate Glass—transmits every detail and color exactly.

Float is the product of a new method of making glass. Liquid glass is floated on a bath of molten metal. Hence the name.

The amazing clarity is the reason why mirror manufacturers, architects and automakers are excited by the possibilities of this new product. Many 1966 cars are already using PPG Float. You'll be seeing more of it where the utmost in clarity is needed. PPG makes the glass that makes the difference.



Left. This is how the photograph of the covered cup by Fabergé was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass. Courtesy of A la Vieille Russie

MODERN LIVING



HOLDAWAY'S DINING SET
Going full circle

THE HOME

Paper Weight

It was the logical next step, but who ever thought it would happen this soon after paper plates, cutlery and dresses the ever-expanding paper industry has now moved into furniture.

In London, Bernard Holdaway's dining table, chairs and desk were the hit of the Ideal Home Show. Made of compressed pulp paper, which is then sprayed with high-gloss enamel, the furniture is strong, washable and more fire-resistant than wood. It comes in 35 pieces, all based on the circle to facilitate production and prevent chipping. The table is clover-leaf-shaped, the desk split circle. Prices: from \$11 for an easy chair to \$19 for the table.

In the U.S., a gay nursery chair, designed by London Royal College of Art graduate Peter Murdoch, is now on sale at Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus and some 20 specialty shops. Made by International Paper Co., the cylindrical-shaped chair consists of five layers of paper coated with a thin layer of lacquer. It is only one-sixteenth of an inch thick and weighs an incredibly light 3 lbs. The chair will support up to 500 lbs. Designer Murdoch claims that it is impossible to break. The throw-away price: 96¢.

FASHION

The Luna Year

If there is anything in the world of high fashion more vulnerable to whimsical clothes, it is the models who wear them. They seem to emerge from nowhere, sparkle brilliantly, then plunge into "mystical darkness," the victims of "much *déjà vu*. Now rising into ascendancy is a new heavenly body who

are exceptions. Suzy Parker, Jean Shrimpton and Anita Colby

APRIL 1, 1966

landing gear of an airborne helicopter to an underwater dive with her diaphanous robe streaming behind her. Don Vale never seemed the same. The slight hardening of a soft smile and a lift of the chin transformed her from Gauguinesque to Egyptian. Far more than the sum of her long (5 ft. 10 in.) mod el-spindly parts (31-21-36), she is a creature of contrasts—one minute sophisticated, the next faunlike, now exotic and faraway, now a gamine from around the corner.

From the beginning, she has been under a lucky star. "I started at the top," she says. Having played small roles in a Detroit repertory theater, she was spotted leaving a TV rehearsal and invited to New York by Photographer David McCabe. Her mother was against it. "She told me, 'He's trying to get you to New York to make a bad girl of you.'" But she went anyway, got an appointment through him with *Harper's Bazaar*. The editors were so impressed when she walked into the office ("An extraordinary apparition," said one) that they put a sketch of her on the January 1965 cover, and she was soon signed to work with Photographer Richard Avedon.

People Who Hurt. Such instant success was hard on her personally. A month after hitting New York, she married a young actor, divorced him after ten months, and now will not even give his name. "I love New York," she says. "But there were bad things. People were on drugs or hung up on pot. There was homosexuality and lesbianism and people who liked to hurt." Unhappy with that world but unwilling to give it all up and head back to Detroit, she fled to London and Paris last December.

There she is happier, fills her days with work and eating ("I eat more than

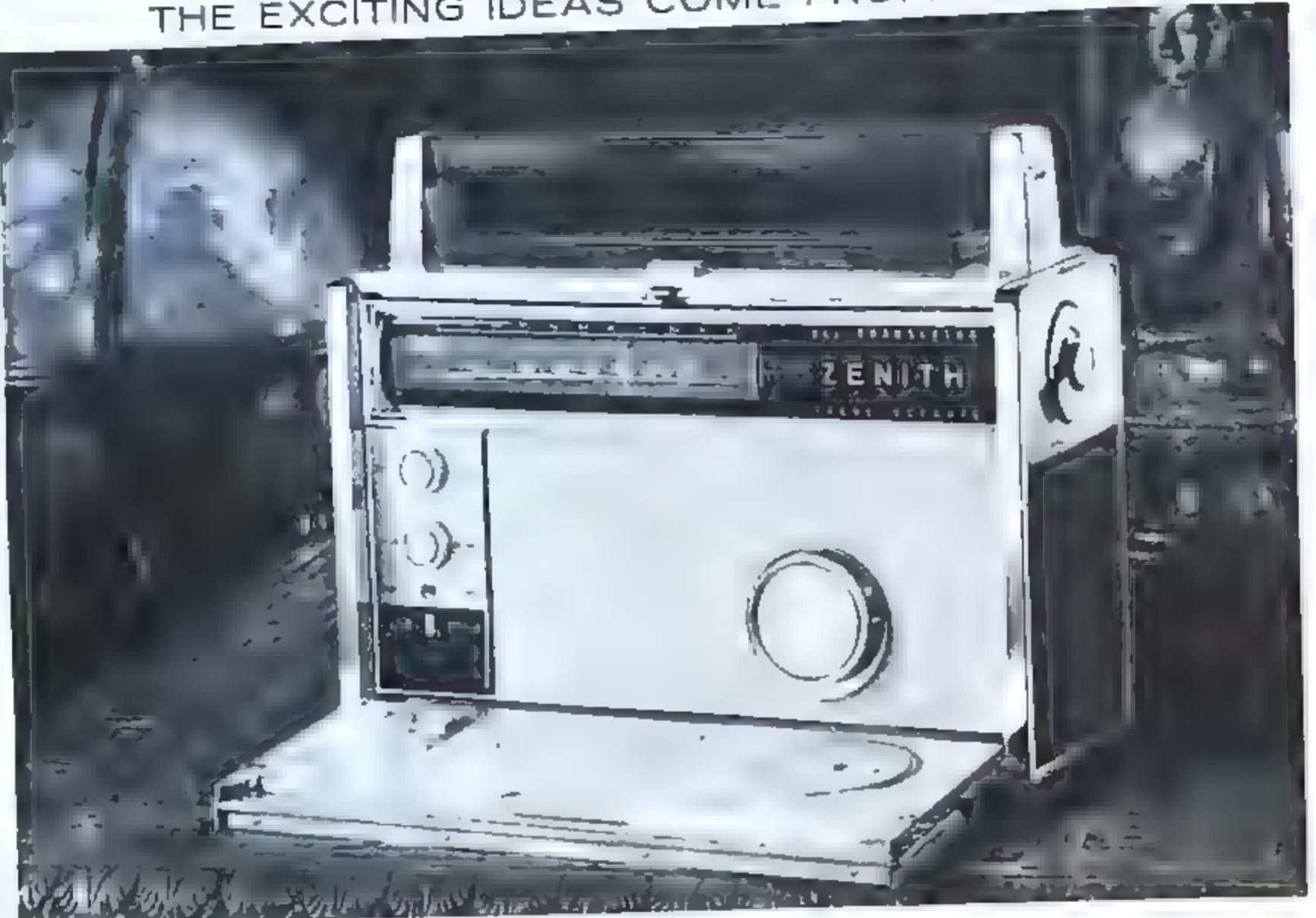


DONYALE WORKING IN LONDON
'All sort of angular and immensely tall and strange'



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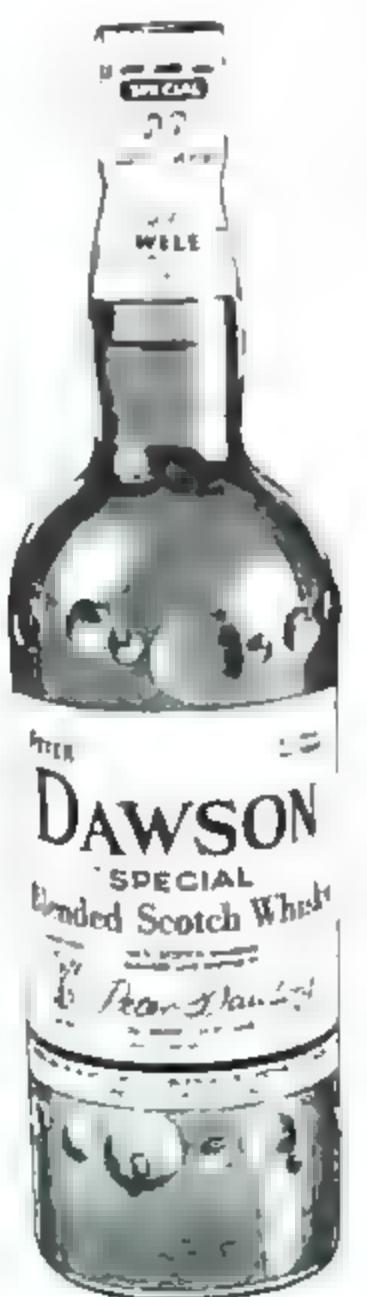
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most men"), her nights with théques. Though young, she is a rough professional, arrives on time, up and ready to go. She is also a perfectionist down to her fingertip, she enhances with nails imported from the U.S. because she thinks they are her best. Most models make less money in Europe than they do in New York (\$60 per hour and up) has hardly come out of a pose since she arrived in New York. "Being what I am, I can get away with it," she says.

"Back in Detroit I wasn't considered beautiful or anything, but here I'm different," she adds. "And a year ago we were looking for a new kind of girl, a girl who is beautiful like you've never seen before." That is her secret reason why she may last longer than most in the fashion world. For she is not really beautiful; but like her, the moon, she is different in every phase, yet always recognizable and herself.

THE CITY

San Francisco Still Says No

Seven years ago, many a San Franciscan watched with mounting alarm as a new, three-lane elevated highway was being razed across Market Street, cutting in half the cherished camp of the Ferry Building. Overnight, it sprang up to stage the historic "no revolt" of 1959. The Embarcadero way was stopped in mid-air just as it was about to march across the Marina waterfront and cut off the holders' view of the Golden Gate Bridge. At the time, San Franciscans voted to keep the city's seven superhighways.

Ever since, the citizens have debated what to do as the city turned into what they describe as "the No-neck in the U.S." Last month, city supervisors faced a point. Up for approval was a freeway project, one through Golden Gate Park, with the Golden Gate Bridge removed according to opponents. It would extend the highway to the waterfront. According to critics, who claimed we would mean loss of 10 million in existing traffic, would mean loss of 10 million in existing road-building subsidies.

In what turned out to be a freeway hearing, Hall 41 civic project and jeered as the citizens with a close 6-to-5 vote, the view and let the highway go.

California Governor Edmund G. Brown immediately dispatched a team to Washington to keep the state. As for San Francisco's intercity freeway system, Shelley all but despaired. "I will be a freeway to get one in San Francisco," he said.



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MEDICINE

GYNECOLOGY

Pills to Keep Women Young

All over the U.S., women in their 40s and 50s are going to doctors and demanding "the pills that will keep me from growing old." Women in their 60s and over are asking for "pills to make me young again." In each case, what they are really asking for are doses of hormones to slow down or reduce the ravages of age.

Such hormone therapy is not new (TIME, Oct. 16, 1964); the current excitement has been stimulated by recent magazine articles and especially by a

breasts firm and the skin supple and relatively wrinkle-free, they help keep down the level of fats in the blood and thus reduce the risk of heart attacks, and they help to keep the bones strong and hard. They have other metabolic effects as well, and some subtle influences on the emotions.

Centuries ago, the effects of hormone decline were less conspicuous because so few women lived beyond the menopause. Now modern medicine has added 30 or more years to the female life span. And still, Dr. Wilson complains, physicians generally dismiss post-menopausal changes as part of the "natural" aging process.

ALFRED STATTLER



HELEN HOKINSON'S WOMEN

A way to beat the change of life?

book, *Feminine Forever*, by Brooklyn Gynecologist Robert A. Wilson (M. Evans & Co., Inc., \$5.95). According to the ads, *Feminine Forever* is the answer to the Hokinson woman's prayers—it tells "how to avoid menopause completely in your life, and stay a romantic, desirable, vibrant woman as long as you live." It shows how women who already have gone through the anguish of menopause can "grow visibly younger day by day." The author himself does not go quite that far, although he says his work is "one of the greatest biological revolutions in the history of civilization."

Tart Suggestion. Revolution or not, the hormone replacement program that Dr. Wilson advocates is designed to deal with a process of nature. A woman's output of sex hormones, which come mainly from her ovaries, decreases with the menopause and nears zero as she nears 80. This would cause little distress if the only function of the hormones was to preserve her monthly cycle of ovulation and menstruation—it would simply mark the end of her fertility period. But some of the hormones, especially the estrogens, fill many other biological needs. They help to keep the

process. Their attitude, he suggests tartly, stems from the fact that "most doctors, being male, are themselves immune to the disease." As he sees it, the menopause is "castration," and he asks whether his colleagues would tolerate so casually a similar fate in themselves.

Dr. Wilson compares the menopause to diabetes, arguing that both are deficiency diseases. His own efforts to correct women's menopausal deficiency began in the 1920s. At first he had only crude hormone extracts, which had to be injected. Now there is a plethora of estrogens and of the other sex hormones, progestins and androgens. Most of them are at least partly synthetic, and they can be taken easily by mouth. A couple of years ago, a patient who had kept on taking the birth-control pill Enovid after her menopause gave Dr. Wilson a new insight: the pill—which contains both a progestin and an estrogen—seemed adequate and acceptable for alleviating the "change of life."

The Fortunate Ones. To be sure, some women suffer only minor discomfort during and after menopause; they undergo changes slowly. Dr. Wilson believes that these fortunate ones are only 15% of the total, whereas other doctors

put the number as high as 40%. For the rest, whatever the percentage, Dr. Wilson is an all-out advocate of hormone replacement therapy, probably beginning as early as 40. Proper professional caution requires that a woman should take the pills only under a doctor's care, and have a Papanicolaou smear every year. The test serves a dual purpose: besides being a precaution against early cancer, the smear indicates what percentage of the woman's cells are healthy, prime of life, compared with the cells of old age. Wilson calls this "the femininity index" and says it should be 85%.

For a woman just beginning to feel the hot flushes and sweats that are warning signs of oncoming menopause, Dr. Wilson prescribes estrogens daily for seven to 21 days a month, adjusting the dosage until her femininity index is restored to 85% or higher. For a woman with more severe symptoms, he prescribes estrogens and a course of a synthetic progestin, progesterone. A woman who is approaching menopause gets estrogen for three weeks plus a progestin for the last ten days. The effect of the treatment is to restore the premenstrual cycle of about seven weeks with bleeding in the last week. Increasing the hormones restore fertility.

How Safe Are They? Many doctors who approve of most of Wilson's methods see no reason for a woman to have bleeding episodes; they feel there may be good reasons why she should not. There are others who express either skepticism or aversion to virtually any hormone treatment. The authoritative and conservative *Medical Letter* is among those that for women suffering from the menopause, estrogens are "less" if given for a month or a year or two, and "not helpful for emotional problems." *Medical Letter* editors are dubious of estrogens' help to a woman's complexion or to relieve her aches, dowager's hump, and other symptoms.

Since increasing numbers of middle-of-the-road doctors and other doctors prescribing estrogens may not accept Dr. Wilson's extravagant claims, I asked him: "What are the side effects of hormones?" Could they cause cancer? The answer is clear. If a woman takes a high dose—higher than the recommended dose—her chances seem to be greater than for other patients to develop cancer. She should take the pills to be those who are over 40, have liver disease, and who have had a growth of the uterus.

Medical Letter presents evidence that the

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You see, we put Calvert Gin through several extra distilling steps to make it 100% dry.

100% for the American martini.

What's more, we gather choice botanicals from all over the world. And we use fresh, hand-cut lime peel to get a fresh, crisp flavor. (As far as we know, no one else does—including the British.)

Where would you say the world's best gin comes from now?

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cancer. In fact, there seems to be evidence that they guard against it. Harvard's Dr. Robert Kistner believes that progestins may be useful in treating endometrial cancer. The University of Chicago's Dr. M. Edward Davis has been giving estrogens for 25 years to women who have suffered an "instant menopause" from hysterectomy, and has not one case of genital cancer among these patients.

Though Dr. Wilson has been the most articulate, he has not been the only investigator of hormone replacement. Dr. William H. Masters, St. Louis' scholar of sexual responses (TIME, Jan. 1) has tried estrogens, progestins, and testosterone (the principal male sex hormone) in various combinations. He believes that hormone prescriptions should be tailored to the individual patient, although his own methods differ from Wilson's. Dr. Masters welcomes *Feminex Forever* because he believes it will focus attention on a problem that the medical profession has too generally ignored.

GOVERNMENT

Support for a Shake-Up

Behind his back they call him "Go-Go" Goddard, and the nickname becomes more appropriate every day. Since Dr. James Lee Goddard, 42, took over as Commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration early in January, both the agency and the pharmaceutical industry have been rocked by bold and decisive actions designed to give the public greater protection against possibly dangerous drugs. Last week Dr. Goddard was not only on the go with a top-level personnel shake-up; he also won a forthright declaration of the President's support.

Underlying the drastic change at FDA was an argument over policy. For two years, the agency's top medical man was the head of the Bureau of Medicine, Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk Jr., 56, a learned physician with a knack for getting along with other physicians. But Goddard himself is a physician, and last week he declared: "Dr. Sadusk and I are at opposite poles in philosophy. He feels that the practicing physician is best equipped to make decisions regarding the use of a drug. I feel that the judgment can be better made by a small group of specialists."

Herculean Check. Acting on the advice of such specialists and on his own differences, Goddard brusquely reversed Sadusk in a drumfire series of decisions which drastically restricted the use of existing sulfa drugs, attacked the advertising for Peritrate (a painkiller for angina pectoris), and finally the further manufacture of over-the-counter throat lozenges containing antibiotics. He also promised a special committee that FDA would fully tackle the herculean task of checking the efficacy of 3,000 drugs used between 1938 and 1962.

APRIL 1, 1966

To get the manpower for this job, Dr. Goddard borrowed 50 to 75 physicians and an equal number of pharmacologists from the U.S. Public Health Service, a sister agency with which the FDA has hitherto maintained a sterile sibling rivalry. The new FDA head also decided to break down the Sadusk system of having one team of FDA experts, headed by Dr. Frances O'Kelsey, keep track of new drugs under investigation, and a separate team decide when these drugs should be approved for general prescription use. All this was too much for Dr. Sadusk. Last week he precipitately quit, as did his No. 2, Dr. Joseph Pisani. To replace Sadusk temporarily, Dr. Goddard named Dr. Robert Rohr.

DENNIS BRACK



DRS ROBINSON & GODDARD
New leadership and new direction.

son, 46, a Negro who had been two rungs down the bureaucratic ladder.

Kiddies' Aspirin. Critics who thought that Goddard was going too far too fast, and was likely to have higher authority slam on the brakes, were disabused of that notion by President Johnson's message to Congress on consumer interests. The President said he had appointed Goddard to give the agency "new leadership and new direction [and] a new structure fitted to the demands of the times."

Obviously reflecting Goddard's thinking, the President asked Congress to:

- Limit the number of children's candy-flavored aspirin in a single package, in the hope that even if a youngster gobbled a whole bottleful the effects would not be fatal.

- Require certain patent drugs "attractive to children" to have safety-closure caps.

- Call for certification, after FDA testing, of every batch of drugs whose potency and purity "can mean life or death to a patient."

- Control the distribution of unsolicited drug samples, some of which are sold by unscrupulous physicians or sal-

vaged from trash baskets in medical buildings and sold to grey-market jobbers for repackaging.

Drug safety, said the President, has the highest priority. And he added an ominous warning: "Further action may be necessary to protect the consumer against harmful cosmetics and against medical devices that are neither safe nor effective." Even Go-Go Goddard could hardly have asked for stronger backing.

RESEARCH

Points for the Virus Theory

Medical investigators have good reason for suspecting that viruses may cause many common and baffling disorders of the human nervous system, to say nothing of some forms of cancer. But indicting the culprits has proved to be incredibly difficult. Most of the diseases—such as multiple sclerosis, the amyotrophic lateral sclerosis that killed Lou Gehrig, parkinsonism, and perhaps myasthenia gravis—do not normally attack animals, so it is next to impossible to study them in the laboratory.

Now, with patience and prodigious efforts extending halfway around the world, researchers at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness have managed to inject lab animals with *kuru*, or "laughing death," an especially mystifying disease of the nervous system that has decimated Fore tribesmen in eastern New Guinea (TIME, Nov. 11, 1957). Eiro, a 13-year-old Fore boy, died of *kuru* in his New Guinea highland village in September, 1962. A visiting doctor did an autopsy, he took tissue from Eiro's brain, froze it, put it in liquid nitrogen at -70°C and shipped it to Bethesda, Md.

There, Dr. D. Carleton Gajdusek and his colleagues made an extract of the brain material and injected it into the brains of monkeys and a two-year-old chimpanzee named Georgette. Nothing happened to the monkeys, and for 20 months Georgette kept on growing like a normal chimp. Then, last May, Georgette became apathetic and lethargic. Her lower lip drooped, and she shivered at the slightest chill. Soon, she was staggering and stumbling as she walked; if she reached for a banana, she missed it. When she could hardly move her limbs and screamed at the gentlest touch, the researchers resorted to mercy killing. A chimpanzee injected with material from another Fore victim's brain developed the same symptoms. Now there have been two more.

The disease in chimpanzees, Dr. Gajdusek reports in *Nature*, seems essentially the same as *kuru* in man, except that the animals could not suffer impairment of speech or bouts of maniacal laughter. This evidence, plus data from a similar disease of sheep, called scrapie, strongly suggests that the virus theory is correct. In any case, the ability to reproduce such a disease in animals should aid neurological research.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Bad News for Smut Peddlers

The Supreme Court seems to be catching up with the moral election returns. In three major decisions last week, it joined the growing body of Americans revolted by the growing body of U.S. pornography—the books, films, plays and magazines hawked on countless street corners with lurid sales pitches promising all manner of sex, all imaginable deviations, combinations and permutations. Ruling on three cases involving no fewer than 144 publications, the court handed down some bad news for U.S. smut peddlers.

Startling even Justice Department lawyers, the court voted 5 to 4 to uphold Publisher Ralph Ginzburg's \$28,-



GINZBURG'S PRODUCT
Sensual leer.

000 fine and five-year federal sentence for selling the now defunct magazine *Eros* and two other obscene publications through the mails. By a vote of 6 to 3, the court upheld Edward Mishkin's three-year New York sentence for planning and peddling 140 weird little "bondage" books (*Screaming Flesh*, *House of Torture*, etc.) devoted to sadism and masochism and typically spiced with scenes of naked girls whipping each other. By another 6-to-3 vote, the court struck down Massachusetts' ban on *Fanny Hill*—yet it clearly left that enduring (1749) erotic bestseller open to possible further prosecution.

Stiff Rule. The big news was the new obscenity standard laid down in the Ginzburg decision—which was based not so much on the content of his publications as on the way he peddled them. Speaking for the court in all three cases, Justice William J. Brennan said that Ginzburg's "titillating" advertising was so permeated with "the leer of the sensualist" that he was guilty of "the sordid business of pandering." Brennan took dead aim at "those who would make a

business of pandering to the widespread weakness for titillation by pornography." The result: a stiff new rule for obscenity cases that may make a peddler's conduct more important than his product. "Where the purveyor's sole emphasis is on the sexually provocative aspects of his publications, that fact may be decisive in the determination of obscenity."

The three cases produced 14 opinions—a sure sign of how intensely the Justices had wrestled with their constitutional duty to guard freedom of speech and press even as they sought a way to suppress the smut before them. In hot dissent, Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas urged the court for the umpteenth time to quit all censorship on the ground that the First Amendment protects all expression, including obscenity, that does not actually incite antisocial conduct. "Sex is a fact of life," declared the 80-year-old Black. "I find it difficult to see how talk about sex can be placed under the kind of censorship the court here approves without subjecting our society to more dangers than we can anticipate at the moment." The new pandering rule, added Douglas, makes unconstitutional "an advertising technique as old as history." However "florid" a book's cover, he argued, "the contents remain the same."

Even more scathing were the usually restrained Justices John M. Harlan and Potter Stewart. Harlan called the new pandering rule "an astonishing piece of judicial improvisation" that may inspire new censorship attacks on long permissible classics. If an ad is now adjudged obscene, he suggested, the result could ban Joyce's *Ulysses*, which was cleared for U.S. sale 33 years ago. "Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself," said Stewart. "The Constitution protects coarse expression as well as refined, and vulgarity no less than elegance. A book worthless to me may convey something of value to my neighbor. In the free society to which our Constitution has committed us, it is for each to choose for himself."

Stewart was especially incensed by what he viewed as the court's decision to jail Ginzburg (who is also the publisher of a magazine called *Fact*) for reasons other than the charges against him. "Ginzburg was not charged with 'commercial exploitation,'" he said. "He was not charged with 'pandering,' he was not charged with 'titillation.' Not only did the court thus 'deny him due process of law,' Stewart continued, but Ginzburg was going to prison for crimes that no federal statute condemns."

Harried Justices. What the Justices were really bothered by was the court's difficult decision in *Roth v. U.S.* (1957), which held for the first time that obscenity is not protected by First Amendment guarantees of free speech. In *Roth*, which upheld a federal anti-

obscenity statute, the court declared obscenity as a kind of "non-speech"—no longer protected by the law test that bars only those works that carry a "clear and present danger" of inciting anti-social conduct. Ruth Bader Ginsburg carefully declared: "Sex and obscenity are not synonymous." And in her dissenting opinion, she added: "In these cases, the court refused to censor sexual expression unless 1) the material is utterly without redeeming social importance," 2) "the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest" in the "average adult, and 3) "the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards" measured by national standards defined by the Supreme Court.

Applying those painful, honest rules soon forced the nine harried Justices (average age: 64) to read the



JUSTICE BRENNAN
Intense with thinking.

allegedly dirty book. But though the court has accepted almost half a dozen obscenity cases since it was unable to find a single one of writing obscene material, the nation's smut peddlers, what *Roth* overlooked, is that "obscenity" may depend more on how the material is presented than on how the words are used.

Conduct v. Thought. Exactly that conclusion was reached last week by Justice Stewart, which he also applied to a manageable test for obscenity. At issue in the case were *Eros*, whose disputed edition was a folio of a white woman both naked, in multiple poses, a sex-front "compendium of a Housewife's Handiwork," a Tuesday account of her unconventional sex life.

Justice Brennan took dead aim at the trial judges in

the secret life of A.O. Smith



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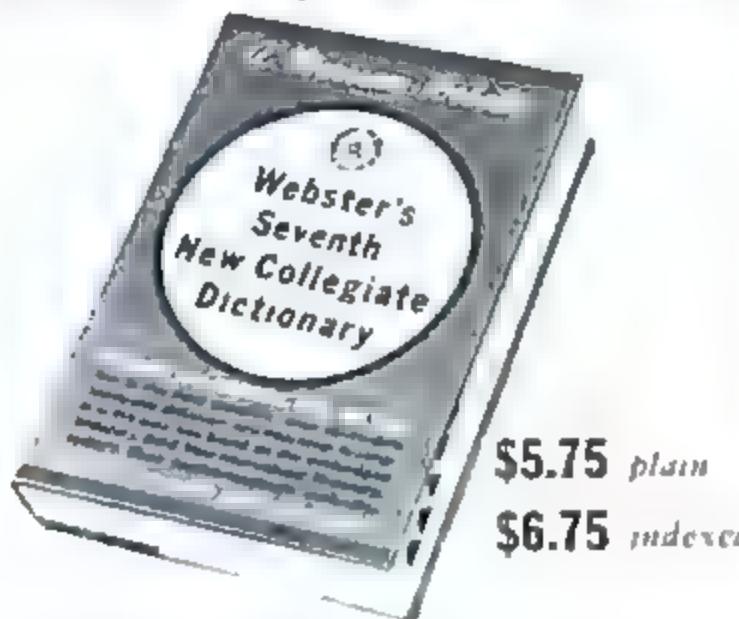
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of all three Ginzburg products as themselves obscene and "a gross shock to the mind." Instead, Brennan naturalized Ginzburg for salacious sales pitches in *Eros* brochure, he blatantly lied in articles on "Incest in the American Midwest," "Was Shakespeare a homosexual?" and "Sex in the Supreme Court."

Before Ginzburg acquired his book, its author, "Rey Anthony," had it privately sold 12,000 copies to sorted therapists, several of whom testified at the trial that it proved useful in professional practice. Ginzburg companies, said Brennan, went beyond this "neutral environment" and moderately emphasized the sexually provocative aspects of the work in order to catch the salaciously disposed. In *Eros*, Brennan implied that reading the magazine would lead him to regard it as obscene. He noted that Ginzburg revealed "obvious" motives by mailing Middlesex, N.J.—having failed postal privileges at Intercourse, Blue Ball, Pa.

New Rules. In the second case, New York Pornographer Edward M. Argued that his books were not obscene because they excited only rather than normal people. Brennan agreed—and duly "adjusted" prurient-appeal standard from "average adult" to the average members of any "probable recipient," including sadists and masochists.

In the third case, which concerned *My Hill*, Brennan noted that the book in the Massachusetts courtroom "belongs to the historical literature rather than the pornographic." All the same, added Brennan, the parent invitation to "evidence that the book was basically exploited for its prurient appeal, to the exclusion of other values, might justify the finding that the book was utterly without social value."

All this toughness is reflected in the three new rules:

- "In close cases of obscenity, the nature of the material may be probably more important than the intent."
- A book or film need not be declared obscene just because it has a deviant sexual appeal, even if it panders to homosexuals or masochists.
- An otherwise offensively obscene book may be vitiated by publisher's pandering.

Summing up for the defense Harlan still insisted that the approach to the obscenity issue had yet been devised by society. The majority, however, ruled that *My Hill* and *Funny* had done a good job of combining rules that were workable, constituting serious literature that did not bait the pornographic



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THE THEATER

Maternal Tug o' War

The *Caucasian Chalk Circle*, by Bertolt Brecht, is a kind of pinko version of *The Perils of Pauline*. Grusha (Elizabeth Huddle) is a good soul, a simple kitchen maid who snatches up an infant princeling when the child is abandoned by the evil wife of the governor during a revolution in a legendary kingdom around A.D. 1200. With the baby strapped to her back, Grusha embarks on a series of adventures that include crossing a rotting bridge over a 2,000-ft. gorge with soldiery in hot pursuit, a marriage of inconvenience with a draft dodger, and a confrontation several years later with the real mother, who now wants her child back.

An amoral scamp of a judge (Robert Symonds), a sort of pie-eyed Falstaff

PETER DANESS



HUDDLE (RIGHT) & CHALK CIRCLE
Maids, mutes and morals

in a sloppy judicial gown, prescribes the test of the chalk circle to determine the true mother. The little boy stands in the center of the circle, and each woman holds one of his arms and is told to tug him out. Grusha lets go so as not to hurt the boy, and is adjudged the true mother for acting motherly. The moral "What there is shall go to those who are good for it." This could prove that millionaires are best qualified to have money, but Brecht uses it to justify a decision by Soviet collective farmers some years back that old grazing land should go to fruit growers.

Yet the play is not tediously didactic. It is a little bit as if Brecht had purified the character of Mother Courage, made her an ardent, spunky, dutiful young girl and graced her with luck as well as pluck. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle's* essential mood is playful and bucolic. But anything bucolic in this repertory production at New York's Lincoln Center is lost in the grinding whirr of revolving stages and the clanking rise and fall of scenery. The music, crucial to any decent Brecht production, seems to have been composed by a tone-deaf

mute. Watching the cast's birdlike masks and flaming Oriental finery is far better than watching their acting, for the troupe is about as playful as a gang of work elephants piling teak

The Funniest Lies

Mark Twain Tonight! Hal Holbrook spends 3½ hours putting on his Mark Twain makeup, but he has spent 13 years getting into Mark Twain's psyche. What began as an extraordinary physical likeness has become a communion of spirit, a marriage of two minds, a shared inner mirth at man's foibles that approaches philosophy.

Holbrook, who has crisscrossed the U.S. and Europe in this one-man show, brings it to Broadway with much fresh material culled from Twain's writings. The casual format is that of one of Twain's turn-of-the-century lectures when he was 70. The props are simple, a lectern, a Victorian chair, a pitcher of water, an omnipresent cigar from which Holbrook fires volleys of smoke like a snow-thatched Jove who has laid aside his thunderbolts for cheroots.

The real thunderbolts are the words, the wit, and the ever-skeptical cast of mind. Twain knew that the lies people tell themselves are much funnier than the lies they tell others. He had a bird dog's nose for humbug, and he found it everywhere—in religion, patriotism, politics, ethnic pride and national vanity. With baffled awe and unquenchable laughter, he looked upon man as the most arrogant of the apes and found him passing strange: "Man is the only animal who's got the true religion—several of 'em." Twain wonders aloud if mankind would not have been better off if Noah had missed the Ark: "To place man properly at the present time, he stands somewhere between the angels and the French."

Twain could be cruelly funny, in one tale a man, caught in a textile machine, gets woven into 39 yards of carpeting. Together with wry homilies ("Temperate temperance is best") Holbrook includes a ghost story, a fragment from *Huckleberry Finn*, and passages of the purest poetry, such as a description of dawn rising on the Mississippi, a fond remembrance of Twain's youth as a riverboat pilot. It is not youth but age that is the touchstone of Holbrook's marvelously timed acting command of the role. He knows that an old man does not collect his thoughts but gathers them, that an old man's legs do not walk but must be lifted, that an old man's hands twitch vaguely like an infant's in sleep, that an old man's eyes sometimes glow like blown embers and sometimes fade out as swiftly and secretly as dusk. Yet within this fraying husk of age, the man from Hannibal stands vibrantly whole, incorrigibly acute, a genius of uncommon sense.

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ART

PAINTING

Landscape of Light

Op-art banners fluttered from the flagpoles in the darkness overhead, and through the doors of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art surged the opening-night black-tie throng. To celebrate the first evening of spring, girls wore their gayest dresses—flaring Pucci pajamas, metal-petaled above-the-knee A-lines, the newest see-through evening gowns. The occasion for all this festivity? The Modern's salute to a painter who has been dead 114 years, Joseph M. W. Turner, the 19th century ro-

contemporary sensibilities with such stunning effect.

Soapsuds & Whitewash. Turner, who in his own lifetime was recognized as perhaps the greatest painter of his era, knew his full share of both wealth and derision. Born to a Covent Garden barber in 1775, he was admitted at 14 as a student in the Royal Academy. At 27, he was elected a full-fledged academician. The works that won him fame, however, were hardly revolutionary. During his earlier years, Turner churned out Old Testament fantasies, nymphs cavorting in arcadian glades, and historical scenarios of such news-

bors to be a certain Admiral B. husband of the landlady.

The Turners that pleased th during the artist's 76 years left fortune of nearly \$700,000. He left 300 oils and 19,400 watercolors to the nation and ey to a fund for those whom have thought of as his decayed artists living in England. Tant but grasping relatives, made off with most of Turner which has largely remained out ever since.

"Tinted Steam." "Indistinct my forte," Turner declared whileing his images into vortexe. On occasion, nature vied with him. When he was 59, London's Houses of Parliament were gutted by fire. Who rarely used more than sketch out-of-doors, rushed to it of the Thames to brush out nine colors of the burning buildings (postscript). He even blotted his pages against each other in hisness to capture that dramatic romantic's delirium. It was the apocalypse brought to reality—the mirrored in the water, the stars burning with feverish color.

To his contemporaries, Turner were full of unrecognized genius. Constable, also experimenting with light, labeled Turner's work "decayed steam." It was a shrewd perception, in the days of the Industrial Revolution. The abandoned trite old ways of railway trains and boats almost defiantly and often indomitable through mist and fog. When he painting *Sunrise with Headlands*, the subject was geography nor the boatly visible blob, but the mist.

Aerial Auroras. The highly varnished, pre of a "finished" painting paintings to show a (sometimes he even rather than bristles). He opened at the Royal traditionally varnished sight of the public completed his Spectre the academician in coat, stood on a box at his already hung box beside him, he whatever was hand to touch up details some visual referent viewers. Once, a color shone one of Turner put onto his bright red the size drew eyes away. The next day Turn channel buoy.

Turner called the sun "long before it discovered that light rule his art, experiments of light in me



TURNER ON VARNISHING DAY, 1846
Daubing with bread, mixing with stale beer.

mantic saint who so believed in communion with nature that at the age of 66 he had himself lashed to the mast of a ship while crossing the English Channel so that he might the better observe the awesome spectacle of a blizzard at sea.

"It will be a stunning irony," remarked one critic, "if the most popular consequential, stirring exhibition ever presented by the Modern Museum should turn out to be that of an old master." If Old Master Turner himself could have been present, he would probably have found it doubly ironic, and staggering as well. For up on the wall were 99 oils and watercolors that included, besides some of Turner's most famous oils, those other paintings that during his lifetime he had kept carefully hidden away in his studio along with his intimate sketchbooks and his notes on technical research. And it is Turner's lesser-known works, selected by the Tate Gallery's Keeper of British Painting Lawrence Gowing and the Modern's Monroe Wheeler, that strike

TURNERS AT THE MODERN MUSEUM



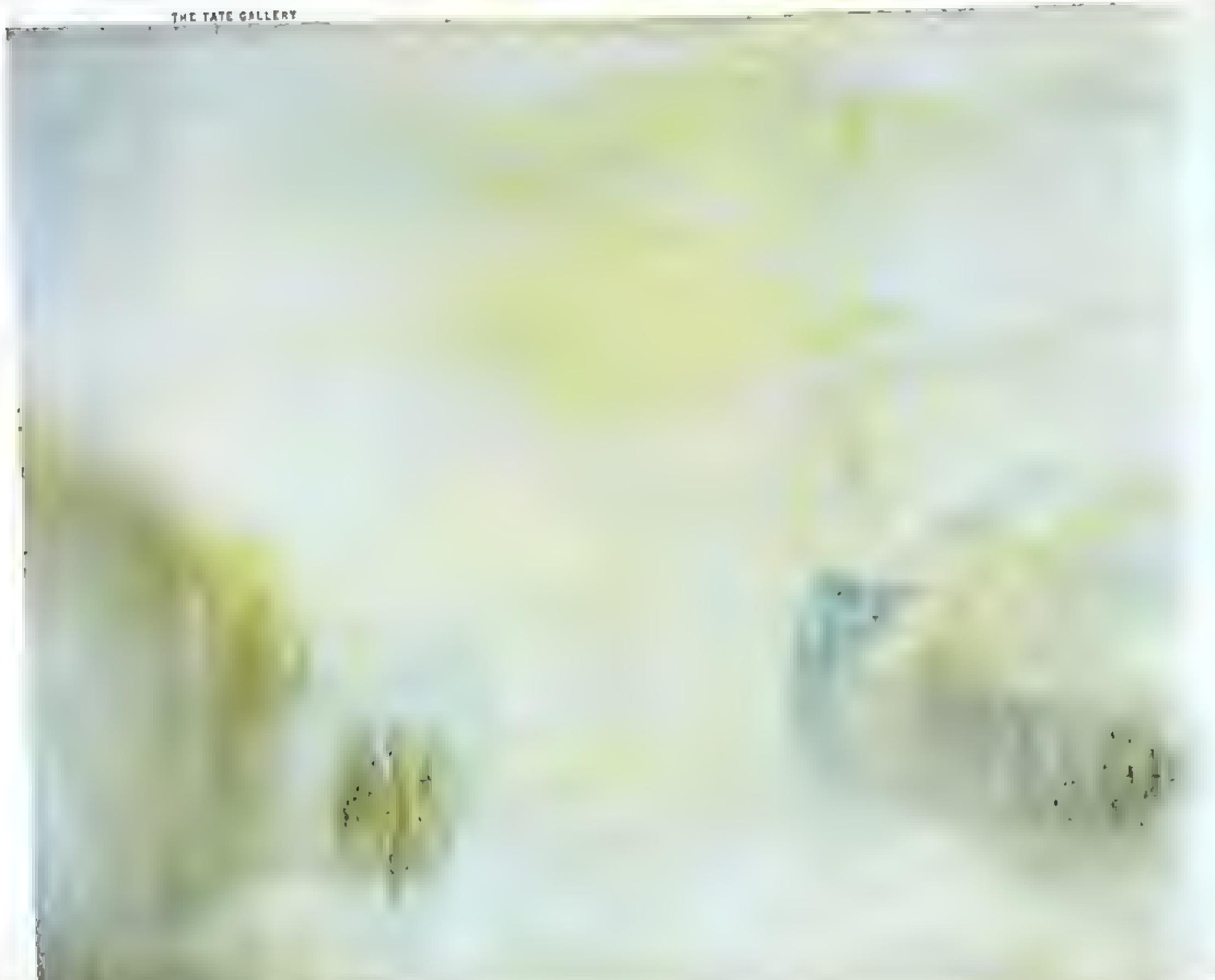
When the Houses of Parliament burned one night in 1834, Turner, then 59, feverishly made watercolor sketches of the holocaust (such as the one above), capturing the apocalypse of fire, air and water that he later refined (below) into a romantic drama in oils.



THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



Vortex of hues dominates Biblical theme in work called Light and Color (Goethe's Theory)—the Morning after the Deluge.



the German poet Goethe's book on color theory, which ascribed brooding, drowsy sensations to green, blue and yellow as opposed to the liveliness of red and orange.

His ideal was what he called a "pure nation of aerial colors." To realize it, he divorced local color from the concrete images in his paintings, instead expanding it into vast serums and screens that radiated like auroras in the sky. He became one of the first modern artists by bending nature to the service of art and by proving that art can refine the way man looks at nature. The bridge between was light. No wonder Turner's purported last words were "Sun is God."

SCULPTURE

The Casting of Ethel Scull

There was never any question as to who should sculpt Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scull, Manhattan's leading pop art patrons. George Segal, of course—the man who has made his reputation by casting his models full size in plaster, then setting them in "environments" that range from a washbasin (for a girl washing her foot) to the whole front door of a brownstone. The only thing holding back Ethel Scull was her aversion of being slathered all over with wet plaster.

"Come on, be a sport. Nothing will happen to you," Segal promised. So Ethel reluctantly agreed, began making preparations by buying a cheap \$4 white dress. But friends, including Vogue Editorial Director Alexander Liberman, objected. Said he: "Ethel, this is for posterity. As a fashionable woman, how can you wear anything but Courrèges?" In the end, she settled for a \$45 copy of a Courrèges dress that she already owned, but her white Courrèges boots were for real. Then,

DAVID GAHR



"MODEL PATRONS & DOUBLE PORTRAIT
At home with themselves
APRIL 1, 1966"

with her hair done by Kenneth, she showed up with her husband at Segal's studio for the pour.

Vivaldi & Cold Compress. Normally Segal casts his models in sections, but for Ethel he wanted to try just two casts, the first from the neck down. "Take a natural position," Segal urged. Ethel plunked herself down on a secondhand green velvet Victorian couch, one leg tucked under the other. Segal proceeded to swab down her arms, dress, legs and boots with petroleum jelly. Then, carefully dipping squares of cheesecloth in plaster, he began molding them to her body.

"I felt nothing till he got to my bare legs," recalls Ethel. "It was deliciously cool. Then it began to get warm. In five minutes, it was hot." Inside the 1-inch of plaster, her body heat was building up at the same time the plaster itself was heating in the process of drying. "You're doing very well," said her husband reassuringly. "I'm burning up!" cried Ethel, as the plaster dried. To cool her, Husband Scull put a cold compress on her forehead.

To soothe her, Segal played Vivaldi on the phonograph. "It was awful," she recalls. "After I got encased and began to harden, I couldn't feel my foot. It was numb. Then I couldn't move my hand. I began to itch. I knew this was an important piece, but all along I kept thinking, 'To hell with posterity! Let me out!'"

Slip & Saran Wrap. In 45 minutes, Ethel was hard. "When they tried to get me out of the cast, I wasn't coming out too well," she recalls. "They tipped me over." Her buttons were imbedded in the plaster, so Segal had to snip her out in her slip. As for the boots, they were hopelessly stuck and remained behind.

"I didn't want to finish," she admits, "but then I didn't want to be a bad sport." So she let Segal smear her face and place Saran Wrap over her Kenneth coiffure, which preserved for history its general silhouette, if not the actual hair.

"Well," said Ethel, "the exact same thing happened. The plaster hardened. I couldn't swallow, I couldn't talk. I kept moaning, hmmmm, hmmmmmm! They knew I was suffering but they made believe they couldn't hear me."

Sunglasses & Sneakers. When her face cast was cut off, she headed for the showers without a word. But today she feels differently. "I survived something I didn't think I was capable of, and I know it was worth it." Now the two figures—Robert Scull was cast in his sneakers without incident—are permanently placed in their Fifth Avenue apartment. Ethel wears her signature sunglasses. Robert stands proudly behind the Victorian couch. The Courrèges boots? Says Ethel gaily, "Oh somebody will find them inside in some other century. I forgive everyone, even though I did have welts for a week."



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

New York's New Mix

Belatedly catching up with the news, New York newspaper publishers officially announced last week what had been common knowledge for months: there will be a three-way newspaper merger. The details varied scarcely a bit from the long-familiar rumors.

A new afternoon paper, the World Journal, will replace Hearst's Journal-American and Scripps-Howard's World Telegram & Sun. Editorial boss will be Frank Conniff, 52, Hearst's national editor, columnist and one-third of the "task force" that has won a Pulitzer Prize for its interviews with world leaders. According to present plans, the World Journal will concentrate on its home town and carry more local news than either of the papers it replaces. It is inheriting far more columnists than it can handle, but after trimming the list it will encourage guest columns from public figures. The editorial policy, says a top executive, will be a "blend of Hearst and Howard," and no one expects the mixture to reflect much internal conflict.

No Lack of Skepticism. A new Sunday paper, the World Journal and Tribune, will be a combination of the Sunday edition of the Herald Tribune and the Sunday Journal. Its editor will be Herbert Kamm, 48, now managing editor of the Telegram and a member of its staff since 1943. While the Hearst-Howard weekday mix strikes most observers as workable enough, there is no lack of skepticism about the Sunday lash-up. Jock Whitney and Bill Hearst may not fit comfortably into the same paper. All the publishers will admit is that they plan to keep the Trib's popular Sunday supplements: Book Week and the New York Magazine. The daily Trib will continue to be edited by Jim Bellows, 43, who quit as managing editor of the

Miami News in 1961, joined the Trib and became editor in 1963.

When the new papers appear around April 11, the number of New York dailies will have been reduced to five from a onetime high of 25. Despite the steady attrition, New Yorkers will probably prefer one improved paper to two mediocre ones. But for all their secretive, slow-maturing plans, the new papers must get some unpleasant unfinished business out of the way before they can begin to publish. They are almost certain of U.S. Justice Department approval of their merger, but coming to terms with the unions is another matter. The papers are talking about dropping at least one-third of their 5,700 employees, and the unions will not hear of it.

Jobs in Scant Supply. Tom Murphy's New York Newspaper Guildsmen, who stand to lose the most jobs, will have the hardest time finding new work because editorial jobs are in scant supply around New York. But firings are imminent once a solution is found to knotty problems of jurisdiction and seniority. In anticipation of the merger, Murphy held up negotiations for new contracts, even though the old ones ran out last spring. The craft unions, all of which have contracts with the merging papers, claim that they are under no obligation to the new ones.

"There is a long, hard way to go," says Printers Boss Bert Powers, who can be counted on not to make things any easier. Understandably anxious for support, the new papers have applied for membership in the New York Publishers Association, from which the Trib resigned last fall. But the association is not likely to be in any rush to let them in—the last thing the other New York papers want is to be dragged into another strike. And at week's end strike talk was in the air, and strike votes were being taken.



Still some unpleasant unfinished business

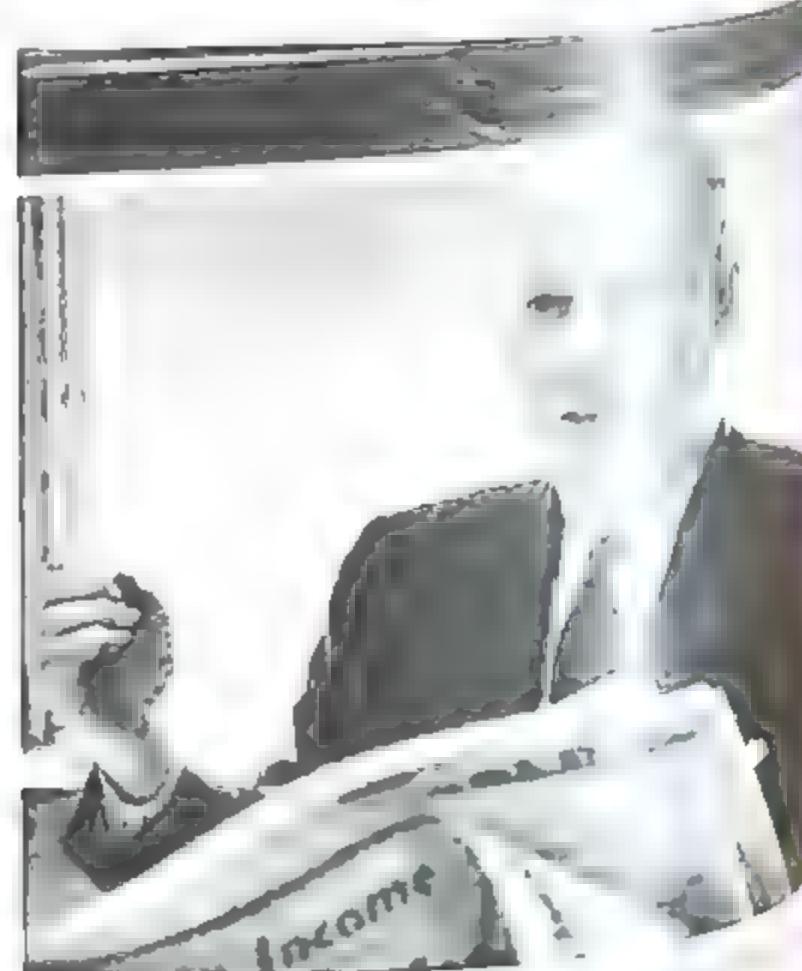
The Value of Privacy

French photographers are quite as notorious as Italy's paparazzi, but they are no less lecherous about invading people's privacy. When they are not wading out of the Mediterranean to sneak pictures of Bardot semi-nude on a beach, they are risking their necks down the ski slopes of the Alps or the track of the Aga Khan. In typical operation they took a photo of a Parisian professor changing one of his students in a Lettuce stro, then used it to illustrate an article attacking "old pigs" who defend age girls.

The raft of scandal sheets which their photos have been innumerous lawsuits but seldom win them—awards often amount to less than a symbolic one franc. However, one newspaper has been forced to pay \$8,000 in damages to the family of the late actor Gerard Philipe—the largest sum yet awarded for photographic invasion of privacy by a newspaper.

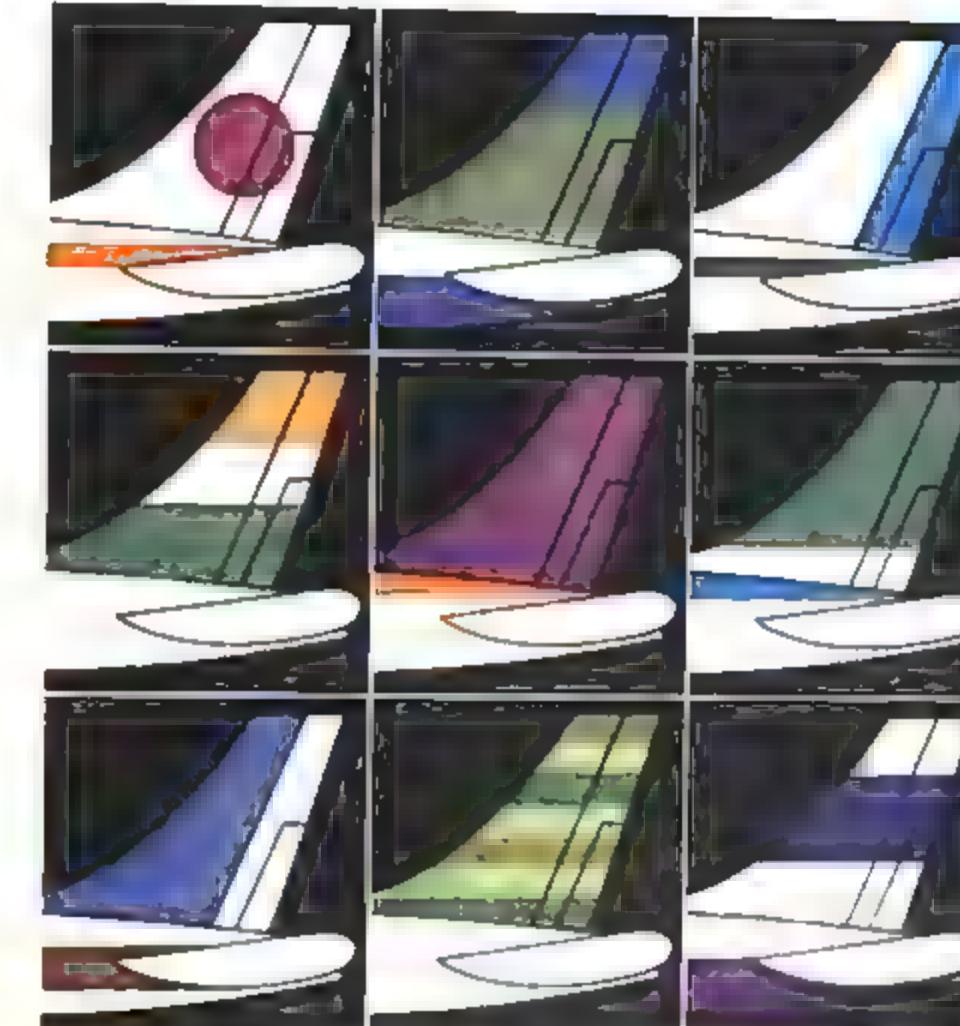
Last spring, Gerard Philipe's son Olivier was dangerously ill in a Paris hospital when a photographer suddenly broke into his room to snap photos while the son lay with his head under the sheet.

A few days later in the Paris newspaper France Dimanche (Continued from page 1) voted its entire front page for Olivier and hinted that the boy was dying of leukemia. However, after Olivier obtained a court order sealing the entire press run of the France Dimanche issue, the newspaper apologized to the photographer for his "excessive aggression," and the "intolerable invasion" of the Philipe home. The \$8,000 in damages may make an appreciable dent in the pockets of France Dimanche's pocketbook, but it serves notice on the value of privacy.



DAILY'S CONNIFF IN THE NEWSROOM

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CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



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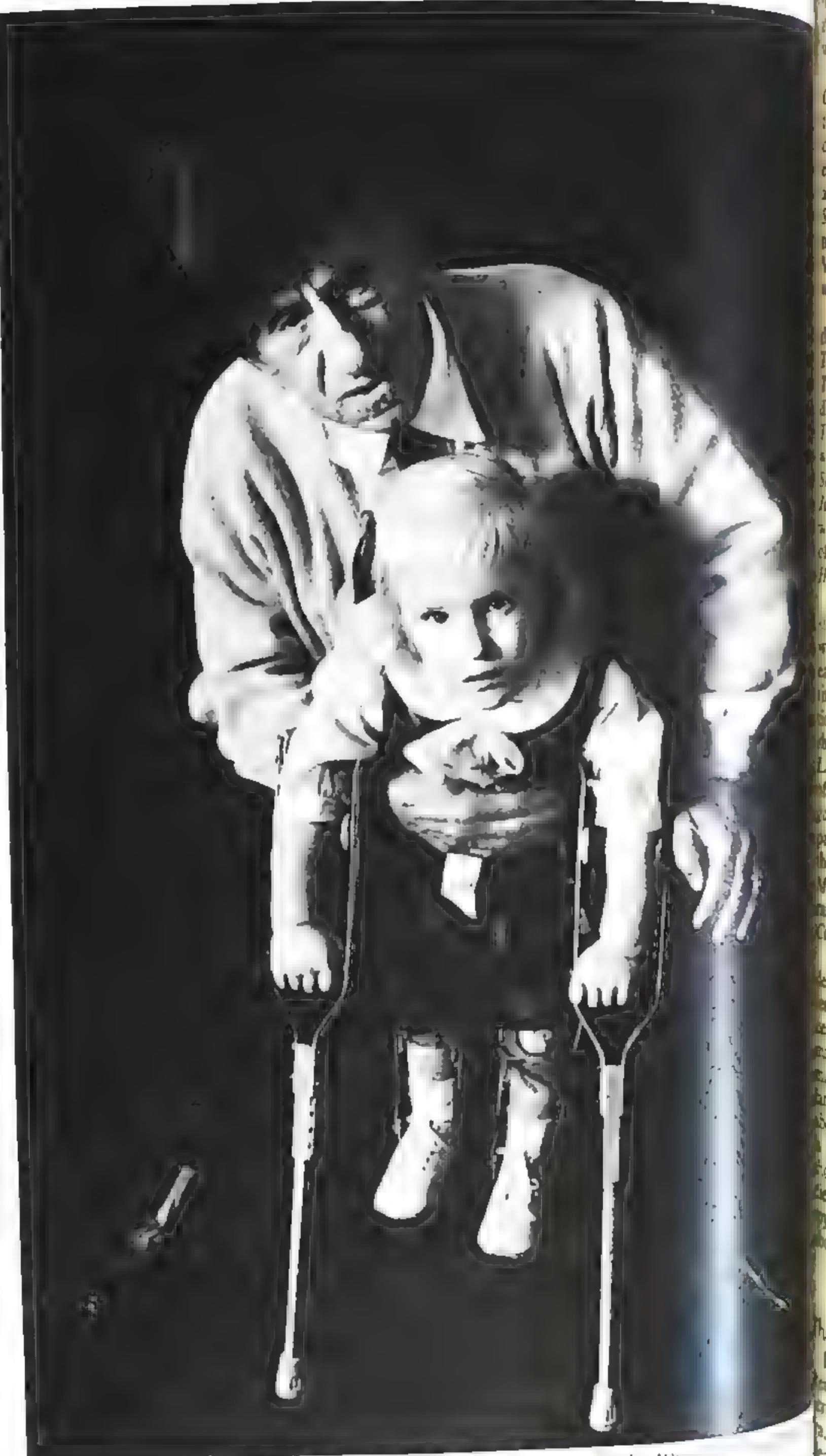
Liah Anne, 4, was born with spinal bifida—partly paralyzed from the waist down. She is learning to walk and care for herself at the Easter Seal Center in Villa Park, Illinois.

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Jimmy Durante & Liah Anne, Chairman of the 1966

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Unloved Ones

However else it is in the rest of the entertainment business, in television the show must go on. The average life expectancy of a TV series is less than two seasons, and this month 38 shows, a full 40% of the prime-time programs, will be sent packing.

Senior on the superannuated list is *Ozge and Harriet*, which has persisted for 13 years. *Perry Mason* will sign off after nine years, *Donna Reed* after eight, and *Hazel* and *The Flintstones* after six. The top-rated *Dick Van Dyke Show* is the only one retiring—after five years—of its own volition. Explains Van Dyke: "We wanted to quit while we were still proud of the show."

Other casualties include the last of the doctors, *Kildare* and *Casey*; both *The Addams Family* and its imitator, *The Munsters*; and three combat comedies, *Mr. Roberts*, *McHale's Navy* and *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*. Four westerns are going thataway. *Branded*, *Shenandoah*, *The Legend of Jesse James* and *The Loner*. *Peyton Place* will run two installments a week instead of three, and its Southern version, *Long Hot Summer*, will be cut off altogether.

Hullabaloo and *Jimmy Dean* will be silenced as well. So will *Sammy Davis*, which recovered from its calamitous early weeks in every respect but ratings (it stood 96th of 104 at last calculation). Similarly, most of ABC's heavily publicized "second season" has had it: *Blue Light*, *The Baron*, *Henry Phye*. Some of the situation comedies, such as *Gilligan's Island* and *Gomer Pyle*, are apparently too bad to die, but a few of the most mindless, among them *Mona McCluskey* and *The Smothers Brothers*, ran out of gags—just as *My Mother the Car* has mercifully run out of gas.

All this house cleaning should not delude viewers with the notion that better shows are necessarily in store for next season. "The trend and the entire mass appetite," explains CBS Programming Chief Mike Dann, "is toward larger-than-life drama. Anything true, about real people and real problems, is out." Thus, the 1966-67 batch of shows will include more situation comedies, more science-fiction shows, more spy-spoof serials—all, in short, about untrue, unreal people.

POP SINGERS The Biggest Cat

He came on like the aurora borealis red, white and blue spotlights played across the stage. The 18-piece orchestra, strung out like a chorus line in electric-purple tuxedos, swayed and leaped in a bloody murder. Girls in pink and yellow flames danced and cried, "Hup, hup," the Fabulous Jewels chanted. "He's so groovy, he's so groovy." And there, right in the middle of it all, was "Mr. Dynamite" himself, James Brown.

"Do you love me, baaby?" he wailed, and from the 15,000 faithful in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week came the soulful chorus, "Yeah, baby, yeah." For one frenetic hour, Brown commanded the stage like a one-man riot. Stocky as a fireplug, hair teased into a luxuriant pompadour, he danced, preached, mugged, strutted and sang with a mounting intensity carefully calculated to inflame. Finishing one song, he turned his back and then suddenly spun around, grasped the microphone by the neck and fell to the floor moaning, "Please, please, please!"

For all his outrageous ways onstage Brown is a singer in the best blues tradition. Vented in pulsating rhythms, his raspy voice is fired with gospel fervor and a gutsy, lowdown wail. It is "our music," sung in a Deep South argot and tinged with a melancholy that no white singer can imitate.

Daily Coiffure. Raised in Augusta Ga., Brown trained to be a boxer before he went on the road to sing gospel-derived songs. Now 34, he has assumed all the trappings of his self-proclaimed role as "the biggest Negro cat in show business right now." He is attended by two hairdressers who give him a daily coiffure, sleeps in a round bed, owns a

BEN MARTIN



BROWN WAILING IN MANHATTAN
Carefully calculated to inflame.

On cue, girl stooges in the first rows led an assault on the stage that was followed by hundreds of screaming fans. Brown flung off his coat, magnanimously tossed his cuff links to the crowd, and was led off draped in a purple cape—only to rush back for another number.

Gutsy Wail. Brown reasons that "to get people to listen to you, you first have to get their attention." He should know. Like other rhythm-and-blues singers, he has been largely unknown in the U.S. outside the Negro community. In Britain, however, Brown and other blues merchants such as Joe Turner, Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker are the idols after which the big-beat groups from the Beatles on down have fashioned their music. That the U.S. pop-music market so readily adopted the synthetic British translation of a purely American idiom made Brown see red. To promulgate "the real thing," he organized the James Brown Show, a barnstorming caravan of 40 singers, dancers and musi-

fire-engine-red Sung Ray and a brace of Cadillacs. For his show, he writes his own songs, does all the arranging, choreography and costume designing (including his own wardrobe of 150 suits and 80 pairs of shoes).

Freed from the frenzied setting of his stage shows, Brown is heard to best advantage on records. His last two releases sold over 1,000,000 copies each, and on *Billboard's* campus popularity poll he ranks just behind Bob Dylan. His rise in the mass market gives a sign that "race music" is perhaps at last becoming interracial.

ACTORS

The D.O.V.E. from U.N.C.L.E.

As if it wasn't bad enough to have actors running for office, Lyndon Johnson has now discovered that they want to run the war in Viet Nam as well.

The Hollywood community is very much against it," announced *U.N.C.L.E.* Star Robert Vaughn on an unsecret

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U.S. BUSINESS

INVESTIGATIONS

The Spies Who Were Caught Cold
The president of the world's most profitable corporation last week sat as an embarrassed witness before a Senate subcommittee. General Motors President James M. Roche, 59, candidly admitted that his company—without his knowledge—had hired a private eye to peer into the personal life of a young man who had written a book about automotive safety particularly criticizing a G.M. product. Said Roche: "I am not here to excuse, condone or justify in any way. To the extent that General

wrote, "is to check Nader's life and current activities, to determine what makes him tick, such as his real interest in safety, his supporters if any, his politics, his marital status, his friends, his women, boys, etc., drinking, dope, jobs, in fact all facets of his life."

Under the pretense of making a routine "pre-employment investigation" of Nader, Gillen and agents made contact with almost 60 of his friends and relatives, dug persistently into his personal affairs. Nader's parents were Lebanese immigrants; the detectives looked for signs of anti-Semitism. They questioned why a 32-year-old man with adequate

hoping to turn up information about some sort of connection with Nader. All of this understandably led Abe Ribicoff to make the understatement that "there's too much snooping going on." To Nader the Senator observed "You can feel pretty proud. They have put you through the mill and they haven't found a damn thing wrong with you."

General Motors President Roche himself ended the six-hour hearings. After consulting with Theodore C. Sorenson, President Kennedy's one-time aide and Roche's blue-ribbon special counsel for the hearing, he returned



NADER



ROCHE & SORENSEN
After bungling gumshoes, a lofty apology

Motors bears responsibility. I want to apologize here and now."

The target of G.M.'s sleuthing was Ralph Nader, 32, a Harvard Law School graduate who last year authored a book called *Unsafe at Any Speed*, which detailed a chapter to telling about the dangers of driving a 1960-63 model of Chevrolet's Corvair. Nader charged Corvair with sloppy—and therefore presumably unsafe—engineering in its rear suspension system.

His Life. As of the time that Nader wrote his book, more than 100 lawsuits had been filed against Chevrolet Corvair's alleged deficiencies. G.M. has won two such suits, lost one and settled one out of court. After Nader's charges, some General Motors executives decided to counterattack. The corporation retained a Washington law firm, which in turn paid out \$700 to hire Vincent Gillen, a one-time FBI agent turned private detective with headquarters in Manhattan. Gillen sent his agents a frank letter about what they were supposed to accomplish "Our job," he

means should still be unmarried. Nader charged, and Gillen denied, that two attempts had been made to put him into compromising positions with his some girls. Nader said that one girl approached him in a drugstore, invited him for no apparent reason to come to her apartment to talk about foreign relations; a second girl asked him to help move some of her furniture. Nader said that he declined both invitations, but added: "Normally I would have obliged."

And the Senator Too. Gillen's investigation hit a high point last month after Nader agreed to testify before a Senate subcommittee headed by Connecticut Democrat Abraham Ribicoff, which is investigating traffic safety. For a week before the hearings, G.M.'s gumshoes followed Nader all around Washington, trailed him into the Senate Office Building—from which they were evicted by guards who suspected them of being exactly what they were.

As it turned out, complained Ribicoff, they also started looking into the Senator's own private life, presumably



RIBICOFF

to the witness chair to make a second apology. Said he, in a statement aimed as much at his own underlings as at the Senators or the public: "It will not be our policy in the future to undertake investigation of those who speak or write critically of our products."

That was not enough to satisfy the Senators. The G.M. case, along with other recent instances of industrial espionage, has already upset them to the point where, starting next month, they plan a full-scale investigation into the whole problem.

UTILITIES

Decision on the Snake

In the struggles for power-dam sites along the nation's rivers, publicly owned utilities have long enjoyed substantial advantages over private companies. Exempt from local taxation, able to finance their ventures with lower tax-free bonds, they can offer customers cheap power—at the general expense of taxpayers everywhere. And the Federal Power Act gives them pre-

erence over private claims to the same water resources.

Last week, in a precedent-setting decision, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia struck a major blow in behalf of private power companies. The three-judge court upheld a 1964 Federal Power Commission decision licensing Pacific Northwest Power Co., a consortium of four private power firms, to build a \$257 million, 670-ft-high dam and a generating plant at Mountain Sheep, in the middle reaches of the Snake River astride the Oregon-Idaho border. The court unanimously rejected the challenge of the Washington Public Power Supply System, a group of 16 public utilities, which wanted to erect a comparable dam at Mountain Sheep.

Prior Rights. The victory for private power stemmed from the court's finding that the private combine had first claim to harness that sector of the turbulent Snake by virtue of its 1955 FPC permit to investigate the possibilities of two smaller dams near by. Held the court, it "would be manifestly unfair" to a private company that "has expended large sums over a long period, if a state or municipality could step in and reap the fruit of its labors by obtaining a license merely because of the [Power Act] preference."

The judges simultaneously turned down an Interior Department plea that the site be reserved for federal development and rebuked Secretary Stewart L. Udall for "his long delay" in entering the case. Said the court: "The Secretary of the Interior was more than once specifically invited to participate in the proceedings, but for about two years he did nothing." The court swept aside Udall's contention that the FPC had no right to allow private dams on the Snake because they would affect water flow and power output at nine downstream plants in which the Government has invested \$1.67 billion. That,



NEW HAMPSHIRE LOTTERY BUYERS

Eyed by the envious

ruled the court, "would mean that the existence of one federal dam in a waterway would require that any future dams therein be federally constructed. There is no such requirement."

Long Struggle. Though the struggle over High Mountain Sheep Dam has already stretched over eleven years, the fight is not over. Washington Public Power announced that it will appeal the ruling. Whoever builds it, High Mountain Sheep Dam will ultimately provide at least 2,000,000 kw. for a six-state region whose power needs are growing at the rate of 15% a year.

TAXES

Winning Ticket

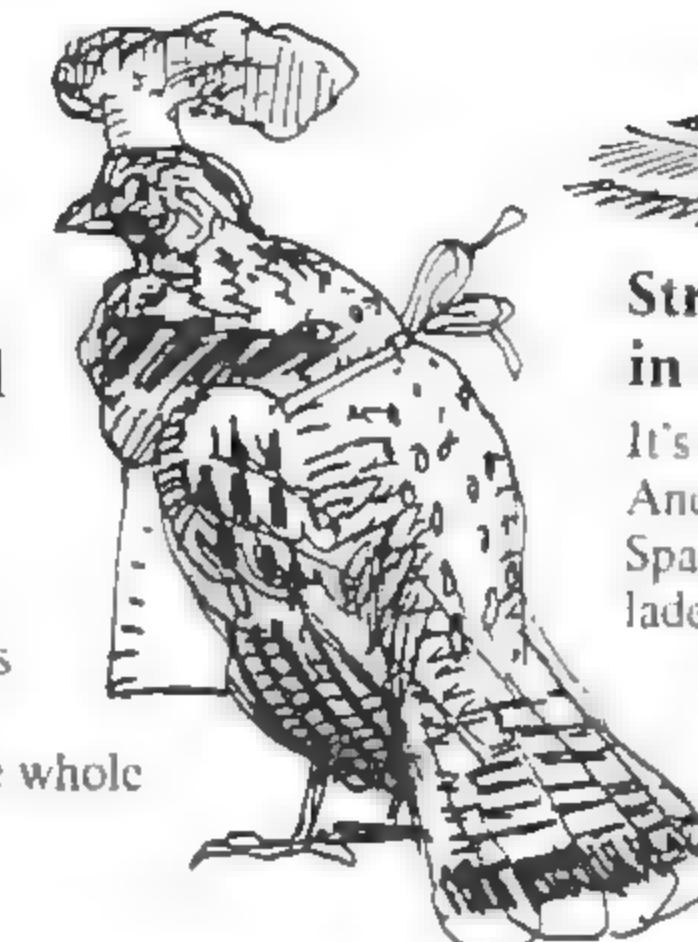
Two things set New Hampshire apart from other states in the way it raises revenue. It is the only state in the U.S. that neither has nor is contemplating a general sales or income tax. It is the only state that does have a legal lottery.

The New Hampshire sweepstakes this month is two years old. In that time, the state has grossed \$10.5 million from the sweeps at \$3 a ticket. After paying off winners (highest individual payment so far: \$100,000) and covering operating expenses, it has distributed \$5,255,000 among local school districts. The lottery has enabled New Hampshire to increase state aid to public education by more than 50%.

Close to 90% of the tickets have been bought by out-of-staters, most of them from neighboring New England states, New York and New Jersey. Seeking to expand that market, the sweepstakes commission has sent an investigator to Europe to explore the possibility of selling tickets there. Meanwhile, other state legislatures are showing interest in having lotteries of their own. New York's legislature has approved one; voters will pass on it in the fall. New Jersey, where Governor Richard Hughes was unable to get an income tax through, is now considering a lottery bill. Vermont,

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fic moves from West to East, as Western states ship their grains and other raw materials eastward for finishing. Once a Western-owned boxcar has arrived in, say, New York, an Eastern operator simply takes it over and keeps it—paying that nominal rental fee dictated by the Association of American Railroads. The two lines currently hardest hit by this system are the Great Northern, which owns 22,800 boxcars but now has only about 48% of that number on its own tracks, and the Northern Pacific, which owns 20,000 with 40% out of hand.

Low-Rent Imprimatur. The Interstate Commerce Commission, well aware of the perennial boxcar shortages, has long fought the low-rental rules laid down by the Association of American Railroads' imprimatur. Indeed, a bill giving the ICC greater rate-setting leeway last year passed the Senate, now is stalled in the House. Still undaunted, the ICC ordered that all railroads receiving boxcars from the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific promptly unload them and return them to their corporate owners within 24 hours. If the receiving rail lines ignore this order, the ICC will probably have to go into the courts.

WALL STREET

Learn to Listen

At Bache & Co. Inc., which stands second in size (\$90 million gross) to Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith (\$227 million) among U.S.'s brokerage firms, desks are decorated with a motto of the house: "Learn to listen." The man that Bache's 5,000 employees are expected to listen to most intently is Chairman Harold L. Bache, 71, whose grandfather founded the firm 87 years ago. Last week, after Bache President Adrian C. ("Ace") Israel, 50, suddenly resigned because of "a basic disagreement over corporate policy," Wall Streeters were saying that the real reason was that Israel had found himself forced to listen without ever being able to get a word in edgeways.

Good Job. Along with heading up a family-owned commodities brokerage trading in cocoa, coffee and rubber, Israel joined Bache in 1945. Last year when Bache, following the example of

138 other New York Stock Exchange members, switched from a partnership to a corporation, Israel was picked by Harold Bache to become president. Bache himself became chief executive, but Wall Street predicted that Israel would eventually move into that job.

The job is a good one to hold, Bache's growth rate is even faster than Merrill Lynch's, and the company recently distinguished itself by raising \$270 million to underwrite the Manhattan Fund started by China-born Financier Gerald Tsai Jr. Bache gained new strength by becoming a corporation; most of its 70 partners immediately became vice presidents with correspondingly high salaries plus better tax breaks and such employee benefits as pensions. The corporation no longer has to worry about a principal problem of partnership: substantial sums of money being pulled out suddenly after a partner's death. Bache had to weather such a crisis in 1944, when Jules S. Bache, Harold's uncle and at that time managing partner, died. Bache partners coughed up nearly \$4,500,000 as heirs were paid off. The firm nearly went broke.

The Successor. Unlike partnerships, incorporated firms can also build up reserves of capital that are taxed at a lower rate and can be used to train new employees and set up the complicated electronics system—in Bache's case, to 76 U.S. and 13 overseas cities—that brokerage houses need to flash quotations and service customers. Incorporation also makes it possible to bring along younger executives without tedious diplomatic negotiations among aging partners.

At Bache & Co., however, the new blood will have to sit back and listen. Hardly had Israel's resignation been announced than his successor stepped up. Harold Bache, who has been in the firm for 52 years and maintains that he is "having too much fun to retire," announced that he would henceforth act as president as well as chairman and chief executive.

MANAGEMENT

Mutual Antipathy

While the names of Maxey Jarman and Walter Hoving are hardly household words in the U.S., both men can lay claim to being top merchandisers. And they are now putting on a show making obvious the fact that they have just about as thorough a dislike for each other as exists anywhere in American business.

Jarman, 61, a Baptist deacon and collector of nonobjective painting, built his father's Nashville, Tenn., shoemaking firm into a \$760 million-a-year shoe and clothing combine called Genesco Inc. As chairman, he controls some 1,500 retail outlets grouped under 50 firms, including I. Miller, Bonwit Teller, Roger Kent, Henri Bendel. Hoving, 68, stands 6 ft. 2 in. tall and looks every inch what he is: the supremely suave



JARMAN

HOVING
Ancient enemies, fresh acrimony

chairman of the grand Fifth Avenue jewelers, Tiffany & Co.

"Pretty Sleepy." It used to be that Hoving worked under Jarman at Genesco, and headed both Bonwit Teller and the then Genesco-owned T. Saks. The two men developed a strong antipathy, and in 1958 Jarman pointedly noted that Hoving was far short of Genesco's mandatory retirement age, suggested that he start thinking about grooming a successor, and sat tight until 1960, when Jarman finally kicked him out of Genesco the following year. Hoving got control of Tiffany as head of a syndicate that bought the jewelers from Jarman.

The latest outburst of the Jarman-Hoving feud came last week as concerned control of Julius Garfinkel & Co., which runs not only the Disc of Columbia's highest quality discount store, but also, as subsidiary, Manhattan's famed Brooks Brothers. For at least six years, Hoving has tried to take over Garfinkel & Co. Jarman recently made a tender offer of \$43.50 per share to buy out the outstanding stock. Jarman says he is deeply interested in the company, which had no debts. "We hope to expand," he said. He admitted he was doing all right, but could do some expansion.

"Dubious Claims" agent filed an action in federal Court in Washington, D.C., charging that a Genesco takeover would reduce competition in retail shops in New York and other cities. A treble damages suit claimed it had a "bad" and property value in takeovers efforts.

Hoving eagerly accepted the suit. At his old job at Garfinkel & Co., he wrote to fellow workers, saying that the man's business was commendable, and refuted Jarman's claims. Garfinkel's Special Sales manager was on vacation in Florida. President Ben Hoving was on vacation in California. Jarman was on vacation in Europe.

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Old boss, new title

WORLD BUSINESS

TRADE

Busy Boats to China

One day last November, nine men wearing identical wide-brim hats and ankle-length overcoats, and carrying identical canvas bags, stepped off a plane in Düsseldorf and settled into a hotel in Duisburg in the industrial Ruhr. They were members of a Chinese Communist delegation come to negotiate the purchase of a steel plant from Demag, A.G., West Germany's biggest producer of steelmaking equipment. The Chinese worked with impressive togetherness. When, in the midst of negotiating sessions, one indicated that he had to go to the bathroom, all nine

\$622.8 million in 1965. Britain is building or has contracted to build four major plants in China to produce fertilizers, plastics and synthetic fibers. Two 15,000-ton cargo liners are being built for the Chinese in a Scottish shipyard. The French are building a chemical plant in China, have launched two freighters to be delivered to the Chinese, may also build a passenger ship and a truck-assembly plant. The Italians are selling steel and machinery, fertilizer components and marine engines to the Chinese, while Sweden has found a new market for its mining and food-processing equipment.

China is recovering from the mess left by the Great Leap Forward and

mans argue that they are providing the Chinese with merely with a plant to prove that China would produce.

Congressional reaction to the man steel deal was irate. "It's geous," said Virginia Democrat Harry F. Byrd Jr. "Why State Department raise its voice reflect American disapproval that can endanger America." Last week the State Department indeed raise its voice. Sen. George S. McGovern publicly criticized the personnel agreement, and U.S. diplomats many were instructed to mask U.S. feelings. But it was the any of this would stop Europeans, who see China as a potential market despite the its ability to pay is limited country," says Demag Export Alfred Schulz. "is like a dr all kinds of merchand



RED CHINESE WATCHING HULL WELDING IN SCOTLAND
Heads spun, and credit swelled.

went. Turning down social invitations from their German hosts, the Chinese returned to their hotel each evening, gathered in a single room, and turned the radio up full-volume, presumably to frustrate eavesdroppers, as they discussed their day's work.

Ships & Factories. "We talked and talked for seven weeks, and toward the end our heads were spinning," says one of the German negotiators, "but it was worth it." With the West German government guaranteeing credits of \$87.5 million, Demag is now the major partner in a consortium, also involving French and Belgian firms, that is confident it will wrap up a \$150 million contract to build a steel-rolling mill for Red China. It will be the biggest deal yet in the rush among America's allies to open up the Chinese market.

Western Europe has increased its trade with Red China from a total of \$321.6 million in 1962 to an estimated

the natural disasters of 1959-61 and is clearing up the debts remaining from its break-up with Russia. China has increased its trade with the West 44% in three years and earns \$400 million annually as a basic supplier for Hong Kong. The Chinese pay for their imports, usually in hard cash, by selling what grows naturally: human hair for wigs, camel's hair for coats, pig bristles, soybeans and other vegetables, as well as pig iron and metal ores.

The Sponge. The rush to do business with China dismays Washington, which has maintained a total embargo on Peking trade since the Korean War—and has tried with diminishing success to persuade its allies to do the same. The nations of Western Europe have agreed not to sell the Chinese any "strategic" goods, but opinions vary considerably about just what trade there should be. It would appear obvious that steel is highly strategic. The Ger-

ASIA

The Fallout

Whatever their leaders' political vein about the Viet Nam, the non-communist countries of Asia are catching economic fallout from American involvement in the conflict. The need for bases, manpower is affecting economic rim of the battle. It expects trade with Viet Nam from \$16 million billion this year. Viet Nam, which last year and reportedly, may reach Hong Kong has done business from \$100 in a year. At underwritten by the Sandbags & Gasoline

sense Department as its major oil troops in Viet Nam there of \$250 million ware, but never spend another this year for so too long to cover Stateside Factor rea in the me hundreds of thousands with thick rubber to protect solid booby trap. The 750,000 uniform army, and the nylon sandbag fabricated building with the shells and made comprising Filip selling the U.S. to be used in to avoid panic.

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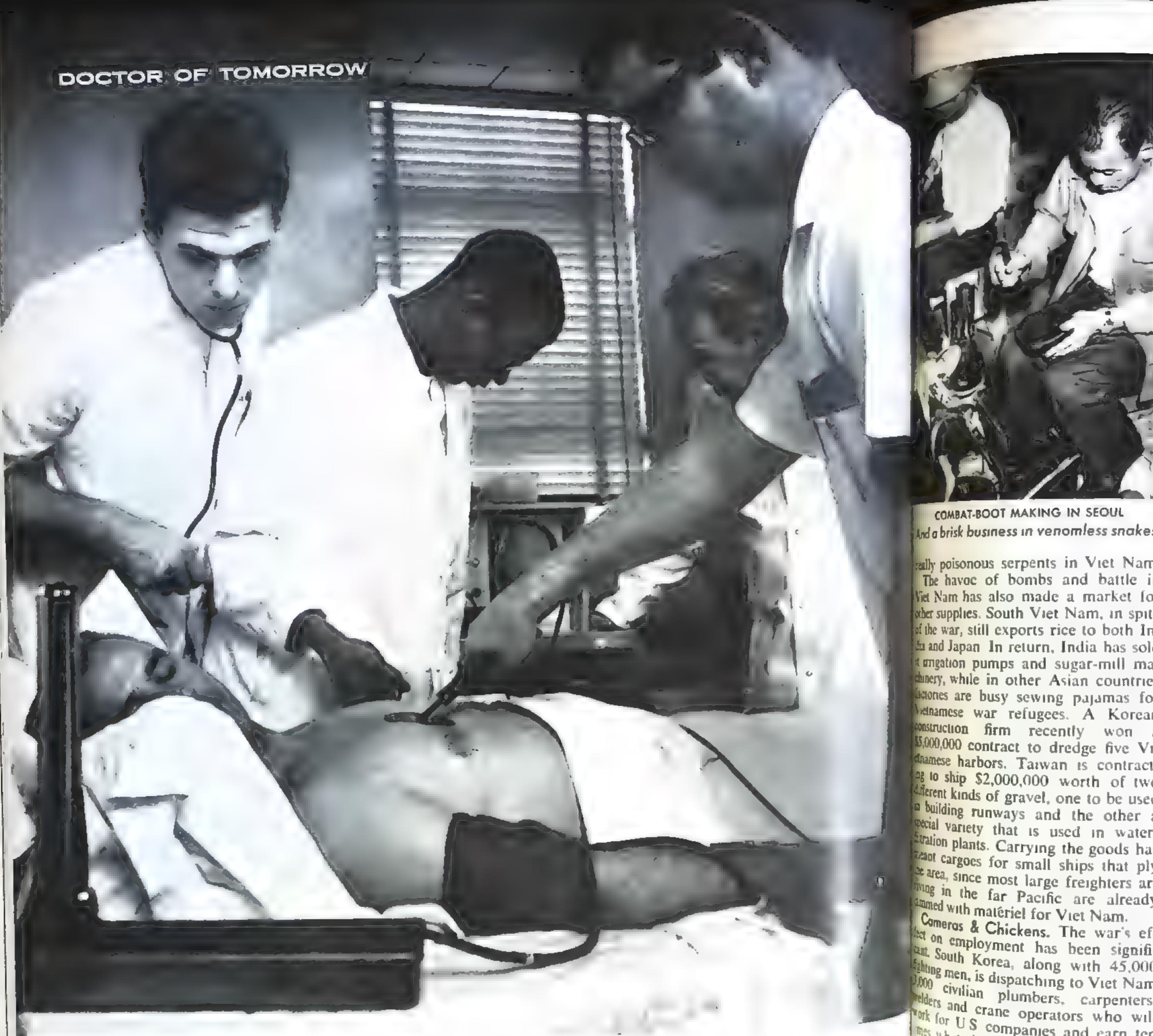
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AB DICK.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



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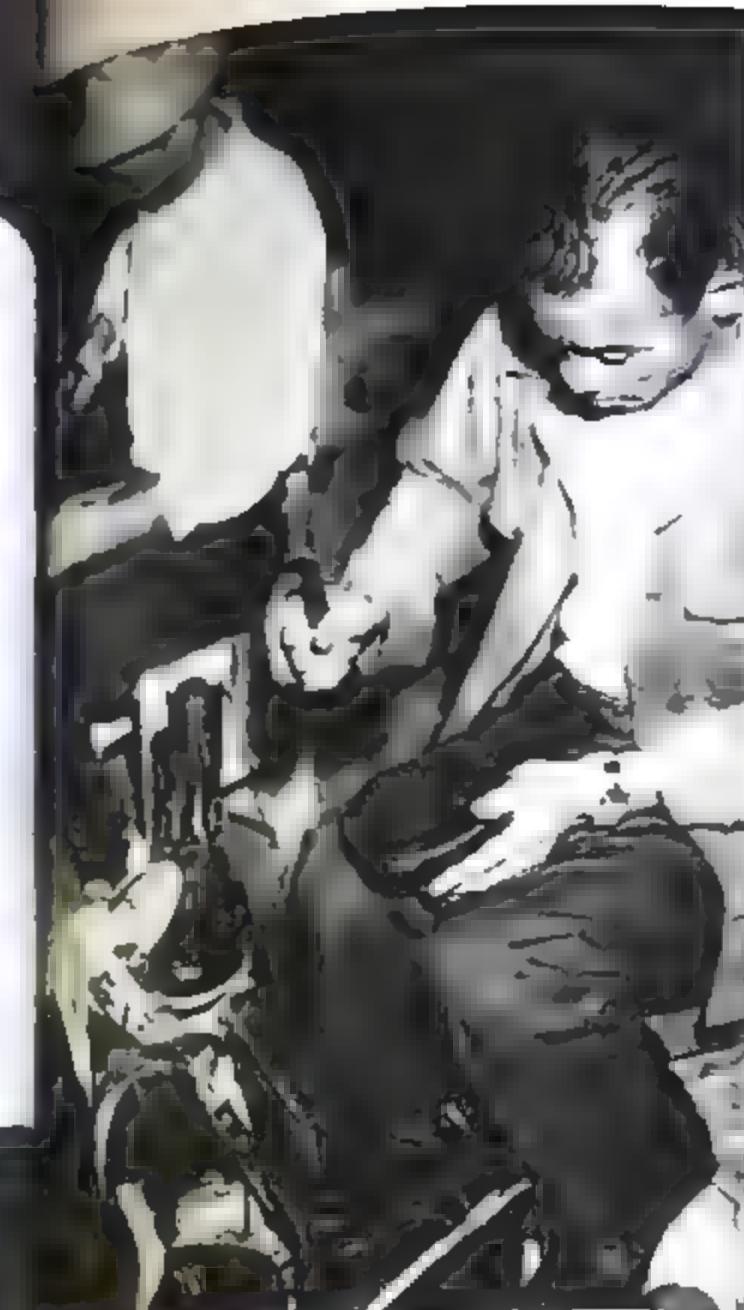
Today, this student realizes he must choose. He can serve on the vital front of general practice, knowing when to refer certain patients to specific specialists. Or he can concentrate on one field, such as internal medicine. That means adding

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A H. ROBINS
APRIL 1, 1966

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COMBAT-BOOT MAKING IN SEOUL
And a brisk business in venomless snakes.

deadly poisonous serpents in Viet Nam. The havoc of bombs and battle in Viet Nam has also made a market for other supplies. South Viet Nam, in spite of the war, still exports rice to both India and Japan. In return, India has sold irrigation pumps and sugar-mill machinery, while in other Asian countries factories are busy sewing pajamas for Vietnamese war refugees. A Korean construction firm recently won a \$5,000,000 contract to dredge five Vietnamese harbors. Taiwan is contracting to ship \$2,000,000 worth of two different kinds of gravel, one to be used in building runways and the other a special variety that is used in water-treatment plants. Carrying the goods has meant cargoes for small ships that ply the area, since most large freighters arriving in the far Pacific are already jammed with matériel for Viet Nam.

Comerors & Chickens. The war's effect on employment has been significant. South Korea, along with 45,000 fighting men, is dispatching to Viet Nam 3,000 civilian plumbers, carpenters, welders and crane operators who will work for U.S. companies and earn ten times what they would have at home. As a result, 12,000 applicants turned up when the jobs were advertised. In Japan, the Yokosuka naval shipyard is jammed with U.S. Navy repair orders, and work is being let out to civilian firms. Both Taiwanese and Japanese firms are repairing U.S. and Vietnamese planes. On Okinawa, because of the U.S. depot, 1,000 civilian jobs have opened up, and there is a sudden demand for domestic servants for U.S.

Much of the fallout is totally unique. Japanese firms since last fall have supplied 50,000 cameras as well as tape recorders and transistor radios

to U.S. post exchanges in Viet Nam. Japanese entrepreneurs are gathering in money by renting out civilian clothes at \$2.50 a day to U.S. servicemen on furlough in Japan. Other U.S. military personnel on leave last year spent \$14 million in Hong Kong. Philippine farmers have a new income from providing vegetables, meat, chickens and eggs to U.S. military hospitals there, where U.S. wounded are treated. Southeast Asians are also looking at new possibilities in the U.S. itself. Because American textile companies are busy with military orders, Hong Kong textile makers last year increased their sales to the U.S. by 44%. And Japanese machine toolmakers, who at this time last year were selling \$200,000 worth of lathes, borers, grinders and millers a month in the U.S., are currently selling five times that much because U.S. competitors are backlogged with orders.

FRANCE

Hello, Dollar!

Considering Charles de Gaulle's loudly clattered contempt for most things American, the French are becoming increasingly considerate of at least one U.S. product: the Yankee dollar.

As recently as 1962, 140 U.S. corporations made their first capital investments in France. Then De Gaulle's government, describing the American companies as "monsters" trying to turn France into an economic slaveling, put on restrictions deliberately aimed at discouraging U.S. investment in France. Last year only 30 U.S. firms cared to penetrate De Gaulle's wall. Because of French obstacles, General Motors put a new, 5,000-job auto-assembly plant in Antwerp instead of Alsace. Phillips Petroleum shifted a proposed polyethylene factory from Bordeaux to Belgium. Ford is about to build a new production complex a few miles across the French border in West Germany; from there it can sell into France almost as well as if it were inside the country, thanks to the Common Market's dissolving tariff barriers.

Renewed Welcome. For all his chauvinism, De Gaulle could hardly watch calmly while all those Yankee dollars went to other countries. Last January, when former Premier Michel Debré took over the Economics Ministry, the word was passed that France once again would welcome American investment. Thus Chicago-based Motorola has just

won official permission to build a multi-million-dollar plant at Toulouse to make transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. recently received approval for a semiconductor factory at Colmar and the French subsidiary of Caterpillar got authority in mid-March to double the size of its Grenoble tractor factory. Though the French still consider some industries off limits for foreign capital—among them, defense, steel, chemicals and some types of electronics—the Min-

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Chimbote, Peru



Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

A soccer team was organized to ease some of the monotony, the soul crushing monotony of poverty. And they're winning.

A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps,
Washington, D.C. 20525.



stry of Economics and Finance so far this year has not turned away a single U.S. firm that is seeking to invest or expand in France.

U.S. companies, of course, are learning how to flavor their deals more to the French taste. Motorola, for instance, will build in a depressed area where the government has a hard time persuading its own industry to go. Of the plant's 500 workers, 20% will do technological research, in which France lags. Half their output is to be exported.

Reverse Chauvinism. On the other side of the coin, no special restrictions stand in the way of direct French invest-

ment in U.S. firms, which now close to \$200 million, plus at billions. State-controlled Compagnie des Pétroles, the ninth company in the world, has one-third of Leonard Refining, a Michigan-based independent company with 800 retail outlets miles of pipeline, as an entry into the rich U.S. market. Peter the game with some revenue, based on its European base. Total: its Delaware subsidiary bought into Leonard, is called American

MILESTONES

Born. To Pierre Salinger, 40, President Kennedy's press secretary and later five-month interim U.S. Senator from California, now a \$70,000-a-year vice president of Continental Airlines; and Nicole Salinger, 27, his French-born third wife, a journalist who won him in a campaign interview; their first child, a son (he has three children by his first wife); in Los Angeles.

Married. G. McMurtrie Godley, 48, U.S. Ambassador to the Congo, a long-time (25-year) career diplomat who served in the Congo for more than three years through the country's bloody birth pangs; and Mrs. Elizabeth McCray Johnson, 34, his private secretary; both for the second time; in Leopoldville.

Died. John Harlin, 31, a onetime dress designer for Dior and Balmain and an Air Force polar survival expert who became a noted Alpinist and the first American to conquer two of the most dreaded Alps, the Matterhorn and the Eiger, via their treacherous north faces, opened a school in Switzerland specializing in *direttissima*, an innovation that ignores the traditional zigging and zagging around danger spots for a damn-the-obstacles, straight-up climb to the top; as a result of a 3,000-ft. fall during the first *direttissima* attempt on the Eiger, successfully completed by the rest of the team three days after he became the mountain's 29th victim, in Kleine Scheidegg, Switzerland.

Died. Virginia Hill, 49, redheaded, free-spending playmate of the underworld, who first gained notoriety in 1947 when Boy Friend Bugsy Siegel, Murder Inc.'s West Coast representative, was executed, gangland-style, in her Beverly Hills living room, and who later acted out a cameo role before the late Senator Estes Kefauver's Senate crime committee, playing dumb about the business dealings of her many racketeer friends but boggling Senators with her full-grown curves and succinct explanation of just why men would lavish money on a hospitable girl from Bessemer, Ala.; apparently by her own

hand (barbiturates), near Austria, where she fled with her instructor husband, Hans Heinz, in 1951 to escape tax evasion charges.

Died. Mary L. McCarran, 40, daughter of the late U.S. Senator Frank J. Carran, who spent 32 years in Mary Mercy, a Holy Names nun driven to despair as her powerful father constantly ruined her cloistered life—winning her to Europe, paying for her education at Washington's Catholic University, Ph.D. and helping her break her nuns' liberty vows by sending her around to pick her up at the Congress—until his death, after which she left the order to become a successful book author and teacher; of cancer.

Huss He telephoned Reich from Hilf final justice of N to recognize the reporting one m of Poland and so blitzkrieg throug Netherlands, that to wage a war scooping fellow n Eva Braun sue one of the best subterfuge duri United Nations the U.N.

Died. J. Anthony Barbour, 46, bachelor who three decades ago was a boy friend of Eva Barbour, *Playboy* magazine's *Family*, over whom he presided for 20 years (until his death in 1959) with an air of kingly grandeur; trials of his gangster friends baffle the public; he was responsive chord who faced the D.A. with a smile; even the King, hearing Father Barbour's sights, of a heart attack.

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SCIENCE

SPACE

The Lessons of Gemini 8

The plight of Gemini 8 seemed desperate enough while it tumbled out of control on its high orbit. Last week, when the perils of that wild ride were reviewed at a Houston press conference, Astronauts Neil Armstrong and David Scott seemed to have come even closer to disaster. Their firsthand account, and further interpretation of telemetered data, supplied frightening new details about Gemini's troubles; to make the danger even more dramatic, there were the remarkable color snapshots and motion pictures brought back to earth by the astronauts.

Shot by a camera through the spacecraft's window, the movie films first



ASTRONAUT ALAN SHEPARD (LEFT) DEBRIEFING ARMSTRONG

A dizzying and unexpected vision.

Showed the Agena target vehicle sailing serenely through space (see opposite page) as the Gemini maneuvered carefully around it in a masterly exhibition of spacecraft control. Pictures of the docking process (see succeeding pages) reflected Gemini's cautious approach and clearly showed the green lights on the Agena's instrument panel signaling that all was well. Despite their silence, the pictures seemed to give the sound of a solid, satisfactory thump as the two vehicles mated firmly in space.

Then came the first dizzying and unexpected vision of the earth below, seeming to spin, and the sudden, explosive separation of the two spaceships. Finally, as the freed Gemini began to roll faster and faster, the camera recorded the alternating brightness of reflected sunlight and the darkness of outer space sweeping in accelerating flashes across the craft's nose until the film ran out.

A Futile Attempt. The vivid pictures were more than a record of near disaster; they were a testament to the skill and resourcefulness of the astronauts and the value of NASA's intense train-

ing program, which taught them not only to master the complexities of a properly operating Gemini spacecraft, but to expect—and to cope with—the unexpected.

When the Gemini capsule is operating properly, its attitude in orbit can be changed by firing strategically placed thrusters that can roll the vehicle, yaw its nose to one side or the other, or pitch it up or down. Once thrusters have been fired to change the orientation of the craft, however, other thrusters—pushing in the opposite direction—must be fired to stop the motion at the desired point. In the absence of an atmosphere to slow it down by friction, the spacecraft would continue any attitude-changing maneuver indefinitely unless reverse thrust were available to stop it.

It was while Gemini 8 was docked with the Agena that the joined vehicles suddenly began to tumble as if some attitude-control thrusters had gone amuck. Since the Gemini's thrusters were turned off and the Agena's could be seen firing, Armstrong assumed that it was the Agena controls that were at fault. After cutting off the Agena thrusters, he struggled for 10 minutes to bring the joined ships under control. Then he undocked, still unaware that the real trouble was a short circuit in Gemini's electronic control system that had caused its No. 8 thruster to begin firing intermittently. The Agena's thrusters—weaker than Gemini's—had been firing automatically in a futile attempt to stabilize the two orbiting spacecraft.

Once cut loose from the Agena's stabilizing thrusters, the Gemini immediately increased its roll rate under the continuing push of No. 8, which now had even more effect because it was no longer turning the combined mass of the two ships, only the Gemini itself.

Re-Entry Endangered. As the roll rate increased to a terrifying one revolution per second, Armstrong realized that Gemini was at fault; he quickly threw circuit breakers that cut off the flow of fuel and oxidizer to all of the attitude thrusters, including No. 8. The roll—with no friction or counterfiring thruster to stop it—continued undiminished. It was at this point that Armstrong resorted to the independent reentry rocket system to bring Gemini back under control. Once the vital reentry control fuel had been tapped, however, Gemini's ability to make a successful re-entry was endangered and it was necessary to return to earth as quickly as possible.

Had Gemini been within range of a tracking station when trouble began, ground controllers could have imme-

dately diagnosed the problem. Armstrong how to live in a spaceship was in a dead or stations, and in all movements, none was designed to when thrusters were fired. The short circuit might have required termination of the mission and on-board instrumentation would have enabled Armstrong to bring under control much more quickly.

Coriolis & Nystagmus. According to NASA's Dr. Charles L. Coriolis, both Armstrong and Scott experienced two conditions brought on by their rapid rotation. 1) the effect, a complete loss of orientation caused by the effects of rotation on the inner ear, and 2) nystagmus, an involuntary rhythmic motion of the eyes. Had either or both those effects become severe enough the two astronauts would have been unable to operate their controls. They may have perished.

The malfunction might have been even more serious had it occurred during the time Scott was taking his scheduled walk in space. Some experts believe that inside the spacecraft Scott would quickly spotted the fire that warned Armstrong in time to shut off its propellant. Others are convinced that the whirling Gemini had have whirled Scott around to the end of his tether, slamming him against the spacecraft wall, probably causing his death.

Shaken by the accident, Armstrong determined to put on the remaining flights. NASA officials insisted telemetry data collection and determination of Gemini 8's short circuit will probably include new instruments and sensors. The new instruments will reduce the risk of future accidents.

ASTRONOMY

Are Quasars the Products of Peculiar Galaxies?

By now, most of the scientific community accepts Schmidt's contention that the so-called quasars are objects ever observed (TIME, April 11). But challenges have been made by no less a colleague of Schmidt's than Wilson and Paul Wiegert, for example, believe that quasars are, by cosmological standards, neighbors to the Andromeda Galaxy. Arp worked

GEMINI 8'S TROUBLED TRIUMPH

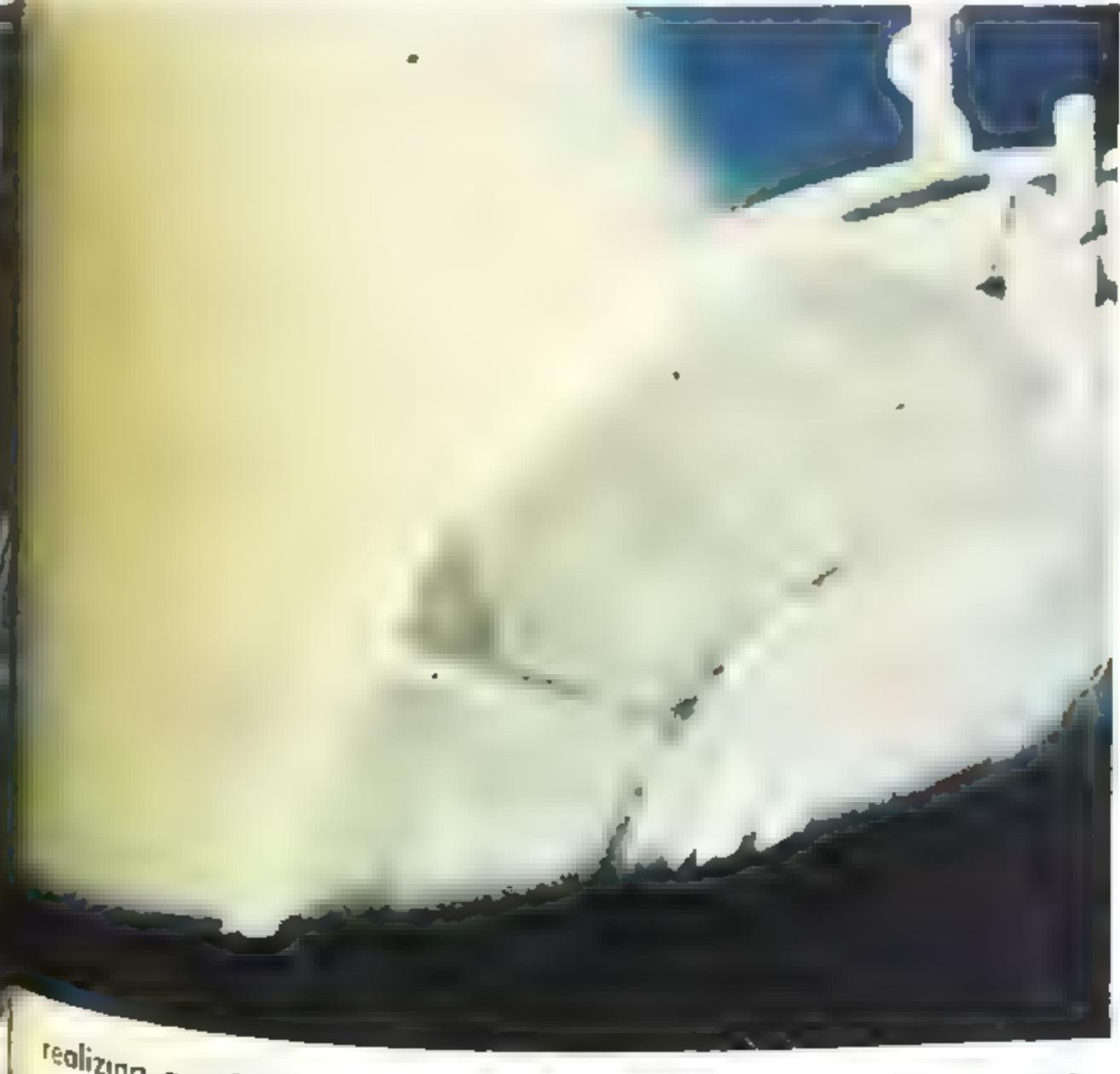


Sun-bathed Agena spacecraft floats above the earth as Gemini 8 maneuvers before docking. Target antenna shines on its 8-ft. staff above the docking cone at right.



In darkness, Gemini's spotlight illuminates its own aiming (right) and Agena's target antenna. Closing in Gemini blots out more and more of the interior of Agena's docking

until only the antenna and Agena's panel of green docking-readiness lights are visible. As link-up is accomplished, Gemini spotlight is turned off, leaving only green panel lights glowing.



Locked together, the red-lined nose of Gemini and the tip of Agena begin to tumble because of malfunction of Gemini's roll control system. Gemini's roll rate increases rapidly as the spacecraft move away from each other.

realizing gravity of situation, activate controls that separate the two vehicles. At moment of separation (right), Gemini's roll rate increases rapidly as the spacecraft move away from each other.



An 18-frame strip of movie in the middle, gives an astro eye view of one complete revolution as Gemini tumbled and faster. From top left Gemini's nose is seen swinging into the light, becoming increasingly bright, then swinging again. The revolution took three seconds, spinning faster and faster, making a revolution in one second.

Unknown Cause. It is more than coincidence, says Arp in an article in *Science*, that so many of the quasars and radio galaxies appear to lie so close to the peculiar galaxies in the sky. The explanation, he believes, is that they were formed from great masses of matter expelled from exploding central galaxies between 10 million and one billion years ago. If they were formed in a "runner," he concludes, they must still be relatively close to their parent galaxies, which are located only 30 million to 300 million light-years from the earth. They would not have reached the cosmological distances suggested by Schmidt.

Arp acknowledges that light from quasars shows a substantially greater red shift than light from the galaxies that he thinks gave them birth. He is not bothered by the problem, since most astronomers he does not believe that the red shift is caused by the speed with which quasars are receding from the earth—a speed that would indicate they are billions of light-years away. Instead, says Arp, the red shift could be caused by an immense stellar gravitational field, by the high velocity of material falling toward the center of quasars that are suffering catastrophic collapse, or by "some as yet unknown cause."

Back to the Drawing Board. Such speculations have caused a stir among Arp's colleagues, who are impressed by his theories. But many are equally

impressed by his failure to account for the energy needed to expel quasars and radio galaxies from his collection of "peculiar galaxies." And most point out that he has offered only informed guesses, no scientific evidence that the red shift of quasar light is caused by anything other than their speed of recession. "If Arp is right," says one astronomer, "we have to abandon most of our work of the past 30 years, drop the general theory of relativity and go back to our drawing boards"—something few of Arp's colleagues are yet ready to do.

colleges and universities set up seismographs on the arsenal grounds; they recorded quakes while Army technicians systematically reduced both the volume and pressure of waste water entering the well, finally shutting it off completely on Feb. 20.

The results of the study seemed to strengthen Evans' argument, though other geologists feel that the cause must be something more than mere lubrication of the fracture surfaces. Both the frequency and intensity of quakes diminished dramatically as less water was pumped down the well. Furthermore, the study established that the epicenters of the quakes were located within only a mile of the well and the quake centers themselves were at 12,000 ft.—close to the bottom of the suspect well, where an earth fault was also found. The Colorado earthquakes and the Army's disposal of waste water, said the Geological Survey, "probably are related."

Large Dreams. To establish that conclusion beyond a doubt, the Army is allocating \$150,000 for a further geological study. The Colorado School of Mines last week received a \$98,000 federal grant, and will shortly get another \$122,000 from the Colorado legislature for its own investigation of the phenomenon.

Although he acknowledges that he is "dreaming a little," Geologist Evans is already looking to a practical application of his discovery. By periodically injecting fluids deep into potentially dangerous fault zones, he suggests, scientists may well be able to trigger minor earthquakes. These mild tremors might gradually and safely ease the stresses that build up along the fault, and prevent the sudden release of accumulated energy that results in disastrous earthquakes.

CARL IWASAKI



J.R. EYREMAN



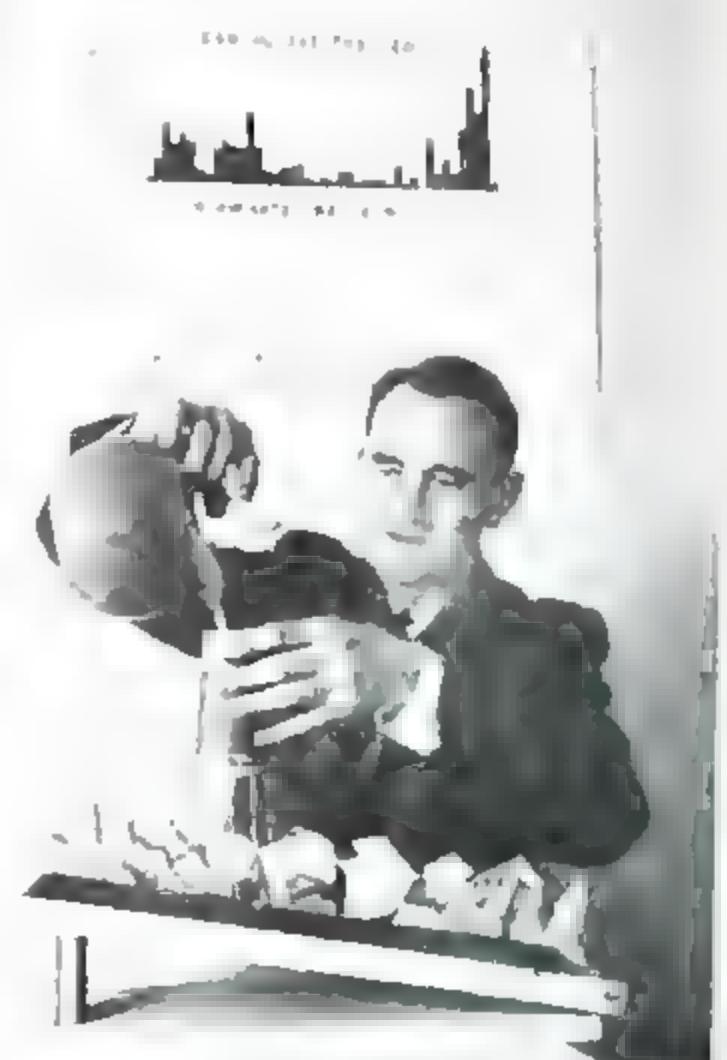
CHALLENGER ARP

from an atlas, coincidence in the sky.

After compiling an atlas of the "peculiar galaxies" that appear to have been distorted by cataclysmic explosions. Many of these distorted galaxies, he noted, were located at just about the midpoint of a line joining a pair of nearby radio sources. Most of these sources are radio galaxies, but eight have been identified as quasars. Furthermore, filaments of matter from several of the peculiar central galaxies appear to extend out in the direction of the radio sources.

Probable Relation. To dispose safely of contaminated water containing the waste products of a deadly nerve gas and other products manufactured at the arsenal, the Army had sunk a 12,045-ft shaft and pumped down the first 4,000,000 gallons of waste water in March 1962. The quakes began the next month, they have been rattling the area ever since at a rate that has varied with the amount of waste water disposed of in the well. Between April and September of 1965, for example, when the Army pumped 5,800,000 gallons per month into the earth, an average of 44 quakes per month was recorded. From October 1963 to September 1964, when no contaminated water was put down the well, the quakes fell off to only five per month. Even more convincing, the rough data that Evans had collected placed the epicenters (surface points above the earthquake centers) of all of the recorded quakes within five miles of the arsenal's deep shaft.

To Evans, at least, the answer was obvious. When water was pumped deep into the Pre-Cambrian rock around the bottom of the well, he said, it lubricated the surfaces of vertical fractures, allowing the rock faces to slide against each other, causing recurring tremors. The theory sounded good enough for Colorado Congressman Roy McVicker, who called for a full-scale scientific investigation. Beginning in December, the U.S. Geological Survey and four Colorado



GEOLOGIST EVANS
From a well, tremors in Denver.

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Toward Urban Excellence

Too many city universities, says New York University's President James Hester, are either service schools that accept all comers or aloof and selective schools that seem to wish they were in small college towns. In his four years as head man, hard-driving Hester, 41, has moved N.Y.U. toward his own vision of "an unbeatable campus for young intellectuals who bring their hearts to the cities" and revel in urban culture.

Hester has raised admission standards, tuition and faculty pay, has lured such a cosmopolitan student body to



NYU'S HESTER

Pursuing a vision of unbeatability.

the Manhattan and Bronx campuses of the nation's largest private university that half of its 41,000 enrollment now comes from outside of the city, nearly 10,000 from outside of the state. Determined to make N.Y.U. "a resident university rather than a commuter university," Hester now has 1,600 staff members and 5,000 students living near the main campus in Greenwich Village. For additional faculty and student residences, two towering apartment buildings by architect I. M. Pei are nearly finished (a third will be a commercial co-op). N.Y.U. is more than halfway through a \$100 million fund drive, has hired architects Philip Johnson and Richard Foster to unify the Village campus by face lifting old buildings and designing new ones.

This week N.Y.U. passed the pivotal point in its drive toward urban-centered excellence. Hester announced that one of the school's trustees, Elmer H. Bobst, 81, has donated \$6,000,000 to complete the financing of a new \$20 million library to be built, providing city boards approve, on a plot bordering Washington Square.

N.Y.U. claims that the twelve-story library, designed by Johnson, will have more seating space than any other U.S. library—4,800 chairs, including 1,300 at group tables, 450 at individual tables, and 1,800 in one-man carrels. It will also have 2,000,000 books available in open stacks, more than any other library. The Johnson design includes a dramatic inner atrium open from floor to skylights, affording cross-court views of gridded staircases, two-story reading rooms, and what Hester terms "a library in action."

Donor Bobst, a onetime drug clerk who had only one year of college but rose to be board chairman of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., finds the fuss over his gift "a little embarrassing." A lifetime library lover, he gave the money, he says, because of "my great faith in self-acquired education by reading." N.Y.U.'s Hester lustily applauds such faith in reading—and in the future of the urban university.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Potent Pictures

Cinema, that still most magic medium—portable, cheap, displayable in any place at any hour, infinitely capable of recording knowledge, vastly surpassing TV in screen size, picture quality and color—theoretically ought to be a universal teaching tool. Currently, four U.S. schools are saturating themselves in film in an attempt to make the ideal a reality.

Film has not been shunned because it is scarce. Some 250 companies have churned out 28,000 educational films—a rich, if spotty, lode of material largely unworked by U.S. teachers. The trouble with films, says Dr. Wayne Howell, director of educational development for Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., has been their "impossible logistics." Teachers have had to request films far in advance from distant distribution centers, use them upon arrival even if their class was not ready, ship them back immediately. Heavy, complex projectors have had to be hauled from storage, set up in the classrooms, operated skillfully. Films have been "an intrusion in the classroom rather than a help," says Howell.

Smash Success. To beat the logistics problem and find out just how effective film can be when teachers can integrate it naturally into their instruction, E.B.F. and Bell & Howell Co. have sent \$650,600 worth of films and new, automatic-threading sound projectors to schools in wealthy Shaker Heights, Ohio, a slum area of Washington, D.C., suburban Daly City, Calif., and rural Terrell, Texas. Researchers from Ohio State University are evaluating the three- to four-year experiment under a grant from the U.S. Office of Education. Although the researchers'

verdicts are months away, the students already consider Project Discovery a smash success.

In Shaker Heights, each of the School's 28 classrooms has a projector and a screen which often pulls down in front of the room's television receiver. The floor film center contains a catalogued movies and slides (movie film to be projected at a time, like slides).

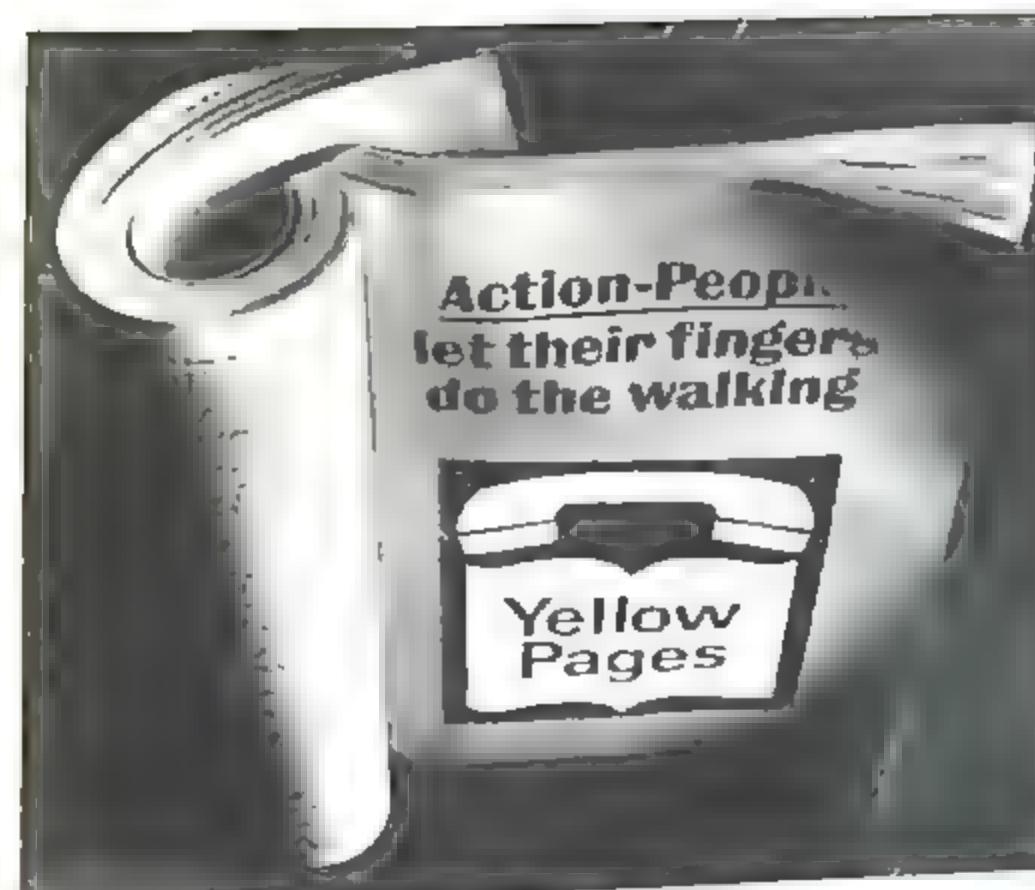
Messing with Creation teachers are free to use the way they see fit; the fifth grade teacher Blanche Brack says film projects have been "horrified" at the way she has been "messing about creation." She prefers segments of many films, repeating the action to quiz it.



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March 24, 1966



From TIME publisher's letter

"The five W's and the H—Who, What, Where, When, Why and How—make up a time honored formula for the contents of a good news story. In the crush of reporting the news every hour on the hour, or every day by the day, one—and perhaps the most important one—of the W's is often slighted. Each week TIME gives intense attention to that one—the Why."



own. They have also been out to take projectors and film sets—weekends, leading entire families and neighborhoods—to turn off guitars and watch movies on the operating jet aircraft, modern life of man, human anatomy, basic principles of electricity. Despite all the screen viewing, students are not bored when they turn to books. The films arouse children's interests, say the teachers, and broaden their vocabulary. Collection in the school's 12,000-volume library has grown steadily since Project Discovery started.

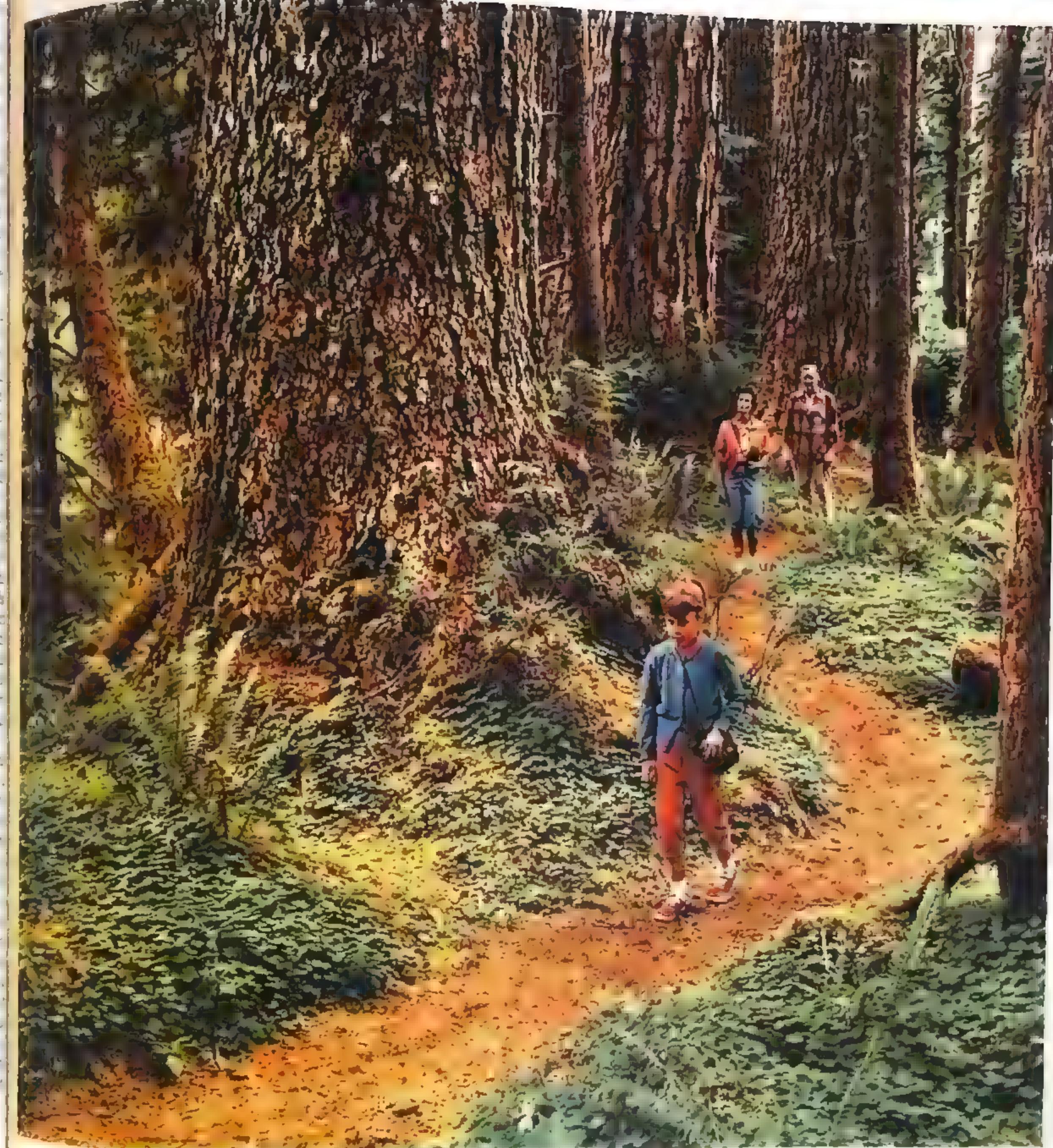
Sensory Impact. Enthusiasm is as high at Washington's all-Negro Scott Montgomery School, where three-fourths of the students' families earn less than \$3,000 a year, and half have only one parent at home. The films of Negro Principal Nathaniel Dixon tell school "take these children to places where they have never been—far lands, to the outer limits of space, the world beneath the sea, to far factories." He finds that the sensory impact of motion, sound and color stimulates slow learners. Besides, first-graders are proud that even they can operate the projectors, and Fourth Grade Teacher Irvin Gordy says the films also eliminate discipline problems, which usually arise when students are uninterested—and if discipline is controlled, the boys' learning are easy.

Project Discovery teachers get like the variety of films available though they would prefer more. Now there are 100 species of films. The 11 ms. teachers would like to have 200 portraits of animals. A special choir at the school performs well. Despite the films, the teachers say, the middle-class suburbs would now cost only \$10 per pupil per year for each's facilities, but as demand increases no one can come more than 10 miles. The teacher's many tools E.B.F.'s Howell projector and r

STUDENTS

How to Keep 2

Some 1,750,000 word last week Service System on their coveted 28 and Director. To make it sound easy I standard college offered by Select June, undergraduate 70 out of a person shun the tests the top half of sophomores in seniors in the top students must score have finished in all of the full senior class



How to keep a forest from becoming a neon jungle

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DISCOVER AMERICA BEST BY CAR

CINEMA

A Case for Treatment

Morgan! This wildly offbeat black comedy from Britain, adapted by Scenarist David Mercer from his own BBC television play, tells how an unmanageable, eccentric young painter is destroyed by his love for his mother, Karl Marx, King Kong, and a sleek London socialite named Leonie. Leonie is Morgan's wife, but she has just divorced him. His idea of wooing her back is to put a skeleton in her bed or to lure her boudoir with shattering hi-fi sound effects, hoping that her lover and husband-to-be may die of fright. He steals Leonie's car, nearly blows her mother to smithereens, finally has the poor girl kidnapped. After doing penance in jail, he turns up again at her dressy wedding reception in a monkey suit of real fur, beating his chest and uttering wild animal cries. Then—

Well, at moments, *Morgan!* goes so far ape that a viewer may wince a little but Director Karel Reisz (*Saturday*

DAVID GALT

Establishment order but hates to give up the explosive surprises provided by Morgan. "You'll have to fight him," she giddily tells her fiancé, "and the winner will drag me off and have me."

Director Reisz sustains the free-flowing tone with cinematic stunt work. He freezes the action, speeds it up, reveals the texture of Morgan's fancies by inserting film clips of Tarzan and of the original King Kong roaring approval at Fay Wray. The film's funniest scenes, though, are the earthy encounters between Morgan and his dear Ma (Irene Handl), a dotty old Red square who refuses to destalinize and can't imagine what her late husband would have thought, seeing their son a class traitor among all those Mayfair types. "He wanted to shoot the royal family," she fusses, "and put everyone who had been to public school in a chain gang. He was an idealist, your Dad was." Most of the sane characters in *Morgan!* are a little daft as well, the better to plug the movie's thesis that mental health nowadays may be a mixed blessing.

Old Wave Manhunt

Harper. As a gum-chewing gumshoe named Harper, Paul Newman stirs awake, forces open his burnt-out baby-blue eyes, and begins to assess the odds against his peace of mind. His Los Angeles office is a rat's nest where the private eye sometimes holes up to sleep. The TV sits humming dumbly through a test pattern that testifies to a restless night. From a wastebasket Harper retrieves some sodden coffee grounds in a filter, brews and glumly drinks a stale, disgusting cupful. Moments later, he roars along the freeway in a rattletrap sports car that has one door and fender bumped out and prime-coated—this man has been in a few scrapes before

Thus, with not a word spoken, Newman's game, rank and destination are established beyond doubt. He is hell-bent for Bogart country, that raw, rich *Big Sleep* milieu, and this Warner Brothers revival of a grand old tradition gets him there in style. Based on Ross Macdonald's *The Moving Target*, and accelerated at a stick '60s pace by Director Jack Smight, *Harper* gives Newman his feistiest role since *Hud*. Newman responds sharply as a cool and clean-cut Bogeyman who never drinks hard stuff in the morning, never chases broads except for business purposes. His wife, Janet Leigh, loves him, hates his job, wants to slow him down just long enough to settle her suit for divorce.

Warner, as Morgan, catches every link and twitch of a natural misfit who can only sense progress when he is swimming against the stream. In his world of fantasy, he is brutal, primitive. To the world at large, he looks rather more like an adolescent giraffe perpetually swallowing the lump in his throat. The real world gains on him when, armed with several lethal weapons, he confronts his rival, "a greasy art dealer," and hoarsely croaks, "She married me to achieve insecurity—you can't take that away from her!" The point almost proved by Vanessa's tantalizing ambivalence as Leonie, a tawny young Mod who half wants a life of

grave," she says. "People in love will say anything," answers Harper.

While solving the kidnaping, he flushes a few other rare loony birds from the scented foliage of Southern California. All are played with just the right sort of strutting assurance. Mindless beauty is embodied by Pamela Tiffin as the victim's turned-on daughter and by Robert Wagner as a glamour-boy private pilot, both up to their pearly ears in self-parody. Arthur Hill adds knowing touches as the lovesick family lawyer, who hopes to bridge the years between himself and Pamela with the help of isometric exercises. Strikingly cast are Julie Harris as a gin-mill songbird hooked on drugs, and Shelley Winters as a tubby former starlet whose sidelines include smuggling Mexican migratory workers into the U.S.

Hired killers, bagmen, juvenile cops, mysterious servants and religious nuts tumble over one another in *Harper*, and the convoluted plot demands an audience's unwavering attention. By combining flamboyant suspense with a sun-baked slice of life and lots of good mean fun, Director Smight makes every clue a pleasure to follow.

New Wave Felony

Band of Outsiders, another backward-looking venture into crime, is a prank by France's prolific Jean-Luc Godard (*Breathless*), a wayward but talented wonder who fills the gap between his more inspired movies by sketching out such trifles as *Outsiders*. Heroine Anna Karina plays a wistful student who meets two ne'er-do-wells and helps them plan the robbery of her aunt's chateau. They bungle the job but meanwhile abandon themselves to a couple of amusing Godardian esca-pades—taking over a café with an impudent little dance of alienation, romping through the Louvre in about nine minutes to beat the record set by a busy American tourist. The rest is pretty random stuff, discomfiting evidence that Godard's blazing love affair with the art of film sometimes resembles nothing so much as a schoolboy's crush.



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RED TROOPS PLANTING VICTORY FLAG ON REICHSTAG
A fortress only in fevered imagination.

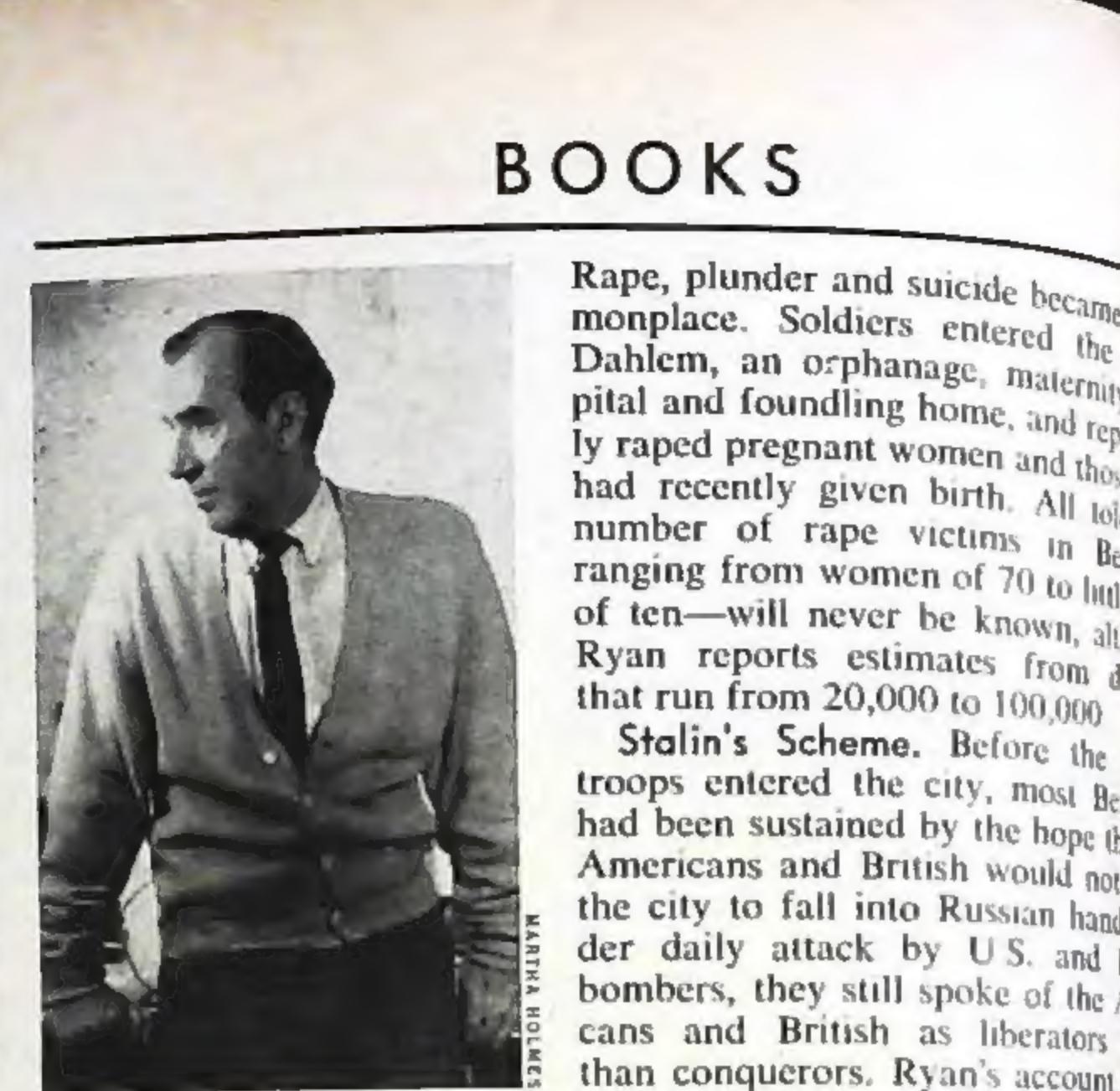
The Final Agony

THE LAST BATTLE by Cornelius Ryan. 571 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

Everyone who saw him still remembers how calm Soviet Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov appeared. In a hillside bunker overlooking the Küstrin bridgehead, less than 38 miles from the stricken city, he rested both elbows on the concrete ledge and took a last look into the predawn darkness through his field glasses. Finally, he glanced at his watch and allowed a few more seconds to tick by before he said, "Now, comrades. Now."

Three red signal flares soared upward, bathing the Oder River in a garish crimson. Seconds later, 140 huge antiaircraft searchlights and the lights of hundreds of tanks, trucks and other vehicles flashed on and illuminated the German lines brighter than a midday sun. Then three green flares soared into the heavens, and more than 20,000 guns of all calibers erupted with an earsplitting, earth-shaking roar. The German countryside beyond the Küstrin bridgehead seemed to explode. Entire villages disintegrated. Earth, concrete, steel, bits of trees spewed into the air. The concussion from the thundering guns was so tremendous that troops and equipment alike shook uncontrollably. A hot wind suddenly sprang up and howled through the forests, bending saplings and whipping dust and debris into the air.

This mighty bombardment, never before equaled on the eastern front, began at precisely 4 a.m., Monday, April 16, 1945. History records it as the beginning



AUTHOR CORNELIUS RYAN

of the battle for Berlin, the final assault against the capital of Hitler's Reich. As this thoroughly researched and often exciting book makes clear, Berlin was a fortress only in Hitler's fevered imagination. Incredibly, there was no plan to protect Berlin against attack, no defenses worth mentioning, and very few troops.

Run on Poison. Berlin had become virtually a city without men. Out of a civilian population of about 2,700,000—less than two-thirds of what it had been when the war began—roughly 2,000,000 were women. Small wonder that the fear of sexual attack raced through the city like a plague. Nazi propaganda had long painted Soviet troops as slant-eyed Mongols who butchered women and children on sight, raped nuns and burned clergymen to death with flamethrowers. As a result, doctors were besieged by patients seeking information about the quickest way to commit suicide, and poison was in great demand.

After the first Soviet troops fought their way into the city, however, the terrified populace began to relax somewhat. The soldiers sometimes seized watches and jewelry, and they dealt ruthlessly with any kind of resistance, but in general they ignored civilians. One fighting unit, bivouacking in Schwarze Grund Park, shared food and candy with neighborhood children. Other soldiers took it as a great joke when they saw how their presence petrified some Berliners. Still, more than a little prophetic was the comment of a polite young Soviet lieutenant who told a Roman Catholic mother superior: "These are good, disciplined and decent soldiers. But I must tell you. The men who are following us, the ones coming up behind, are pigs."

And so they were, writes Ryan. The later waves of Soviet soldiers went wild.

BOOKS

Rape, plunder and suicide became commonplace. Soldiers entered the Hahn Dahlem, an orphanage, maternity hospital and foundling home, and repeatedly raped pregnant women and those who had recently given birth. All told, the number of rape victims in Berlin, ranging from women of 70 to little girls of ten—will never be known, although Ryan reports estimates from doctors that run from 20,000 to 100,000.

Stalin's Scheme. Before the Soviet troops entered the city, most Berliners had been sustained by the hope that Americans and British would not allow the city to fall into Russian hands under daily attack by U.S. and British bombers, they still spoke of the Americans and British as liberators rather than conquerors. Ryan's account of the incredible blunders and political naivete that destroyed the hope is one of the most engrossing portions of the book.

Whatever the catastrophic political results, Ryan argues that Eisenhower made an eminently sound military decision when he ordered back the advancing units of the U.S. Ninth Army and refused to consider Berlin a worthwhile military objective. That is an argument that is still debatable. What cannot be disputed is the Allies' great mistake in accepting Stalin's word that he also considered Berlin to have no strategic importance. Actually, Stalin always considered the city a prime prize. Through interviews with surviving Soviet military people, Ryan provides a fresh account of how Stalin called his marshals to Moscow and craftily hatched his scheme for the massive offensive to snatch Berlin before the Allies did.

Britain's Plan. Ryan also draws on long-forgotten documents to demolish the notion that Franklin Roosevelt drew up the zones of occupation for Germany. Actually, the plan was Britain's. F.D.R. was first shown the occupation plans in 1943, when he was aboard the U.S.S. *Iowa* on his way to the Cairo and Teheran conferences. He was both irritated and troubled, says Ryan, because the British plan, called Operation Rankin, placed the U.S. zone in the southern German provinces. "We should go as far as Berlin," Roosevelt said. "The Soviets can't share Berlin. The Soviets can't share the territory to the east."

Roosevelt even drew the zones favored on a National Geographic map, placing Berlin on the boundary line between the U.S. and Soviet zones.

Roosevelt held stubbornly to his position throughout the war, but his wishes were not made known or they went unheeded. At Yalta, when the Big Three formally accepted the British plan, Roosevelt was too ill and dispirited to continue the fight. No one protested that previous agreements had not been made for Anglo-American access to ruined Berlin. Stalin did not complain, either.

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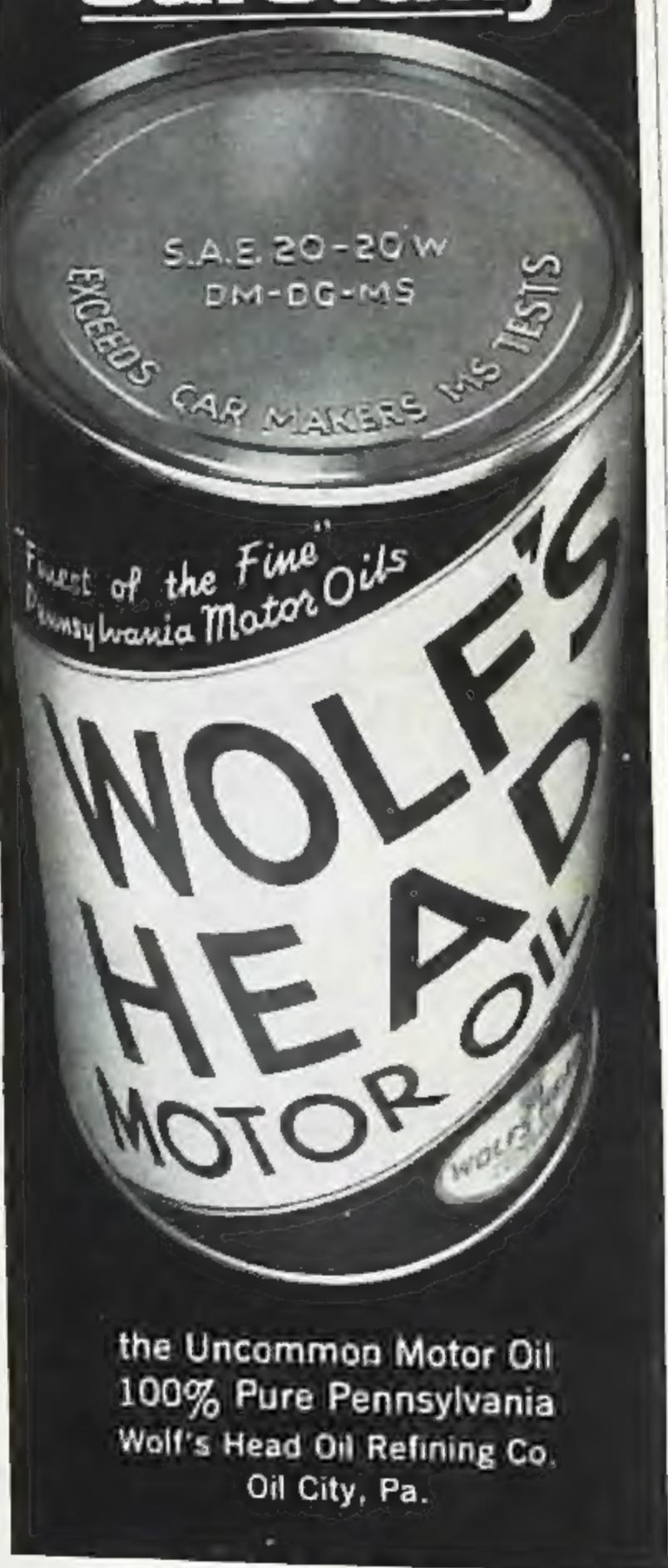
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REYNOLDS PRICE
A rambling hunt for a rabid dog.

Echoing Epics

A GENEROUS MAN by Reynolds Price
275 pages Atheneum. \$4.95

"Milo, son?" Emma Mustian spoke from the foot of the steps for the third time that morning, still not raising her voice, trusting her natural power to wake him. But it had not and did not. It was Saturday, no school and Milo was dreaming, and because he so rarely dreamed—waking or sleeping—he clung to it now, her his dream, like money smuggled into his head, chest, hips and abandoned there, sudden and perilous."

Milo is a 15-year-old North Carolina farm boy who has only the night before experienced his first baffling encounter with sex. He is also the central figure in this stunningly perceptive, crisply humorous novel. In his first book *A Long and Happy Life*, Reynolds Price told the amusing tale of Milo's gangly pretty sister, Rosacoke, who resorted to motherhood to win her laggard suitor. This novel takes the Mustian family back a dozen years or so. It is more richly textured, more artfully woven than *A Long and Happy Life*, subtly fabricating a world of startling and compelling beauty. The book is "a Southern novel" in the sense that the *Odyssey* is "a Greek poem." Its coiled, compact style and solid substance establish Author Price, 33, as a prose poet of epic sensibility.

Python & Enchantress. Price's story tells of a rambling, weekend hunt for a rabid dog that has bolted into the pine-woods, for the dog's dim-witted, devoted master, Milo's brother, who has bolted too, and for an 18-ft., 280-lb. python named Death that has escaped from the county fairgrounds and is the slithering ravenous reason for their flight. Milo himself would rather pursue his affair, begun two days before, with the 16-year-old daughter of the python's proprietress, but family fealty prevails over private pleasure. With the town's aging sheriff, he rounds up a dozen rustic

volunteers and marches off to the chase. Along the way, he gets disoriented, drunk on a double swig of corn liquor, staggers off to get sober, and winds delightedly in bed with the impotent sheriff's mildly demented young wife.

Eventually, dazedly, he makes his way to the searchers' rendezvous. There he disuses outhouse the python plops down to crush him—and inadvertently knocks from the eaves a shoe box containing 10,000 long-abandoned dollars. The hunt completed, the python slain, the treasure delivered to its rightful owner, Milo discovers that there is more life than the gift of genital joy.

He discovers, in fact, that he is capable of giving himself. "I'm named Milo, the old Greek wrestler," he says. "He used to wrestle in the Olympic games and always won." What Mr. Mustian wins is maturity and it is Author Price's achievement to have written not only a rollicking pastoral pastime play but a myth that echoes epics. During his dubious hunt, Milo wrestles most of the classic foes met by man in search of selfhood: deceiving spouse, enchantress, narcissism, and the ultimate enemy, death itself. If the treasure he discovers is not his to keep, the lesson Milo elects to learn is fine: "The worst thing of all is not paying your debts—and paying in time. I got to give people what they need in time, not years too late when they're famished and fell."

Mirrors & Shields. Author Price's earthy, playful dialogue accompanies like counterpoint the searching stories in which people who scarcely know themselves are revealed in a moment's gesture. Readers may find that some of Price's people talk too much. The talk is forgivable. Through their hurtful, humorous self-revelations the author reaches backward in time and downward into desires to disclose the shadows where truth lies camouflaged. His sense of place is unerring. It absorbs the reader into a world of tangy-sweet pinewoods checkered in sunlight.

Price, who teaches creative writing at Duke University, is now at work on a third novel. His aim, he says, is "making of stories that transmute the lethal disorder of experience into informed but honest and useful projects—mirrors, microscopes, telescopes—but also shields." A *Garrison* may indeed impressively.

Leaves of Grass

SELECTED POEMS by Gunter Grass, translated by Michael Hamburger, Christopher Middleton, 63 pages, cloth, Brace & World. \$3.95

Gunter Grass looks like a slightly Santa Claus and comes loaded with gills. Renowned as Germany's most powerful postwar novelist (*The Drum, Dog Years!*), this husky-voiced Danzig grocer is also a playwright (*The Wicked Cooks*), a sometime songwriter (for West Berlin's "Mauer" writer) and a poet.

(Brandt), a painter and sculptor who exhibits from Berlin to Boston. Furthermore, as these capable translations prove, Grass is not least of all a poet of aggressive imagination and an ironic torque of temperament.

The irony is Brechtian, without political reference; Grass is more concerned with moral character than social institutions. At one extreme his irony is angry, grotesque, a mingling of Bosch and bosh—as when he writes of a museum where:

Our aborted children, pale, serious embryos

*sit there in plain glass jars
and worry about their parents' future.*

At another extreme his world view is cosmic, inferentially religious:

We live in the egg

*We have covered the inside wall
of the shell with dirty drawings
and the Christian names of our
enemies.*

We are being hatched . . .

*And what if we are not being hatched?
If this shell will never break?
If our horizon is only that
of our scribbles, and always will be?*

*There remains the fear that someone
outside our shell will feel hungry
and crack us into the frying pan with
a pinch of salt.*

*What shall we do then, my brethren
inside the egg?*

In these poems, as in Grass's novels, irony comes tinged with terror, and terror reflects a tenderness for all things that live ensheathed in illusion, controlled by forces they cannot control. At times he intones a still sad music of aimless modernity:

*How sad these changes are.
People unscrew the nameplates from
the doors,
take the saucepan of cabbage*



GÜNTER GRASS
A mixture of Bosch and bosh.
TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

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Now on both sides of the great ocean there are folding chairs; how sad these changes are.

Out of the Closet

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. 558 pages. Viking. \$7.50

D. H. Lawrence once described himself as "a kind of human bomb." His bomb exploded in all directions. Lawrence left 14 brooding, contentious novels, dozens of excited essays, scores of loose, somewhat lumpy poems, and hundreds of febrile, fretful letters. He painted, occasionally, as he wrote, in an earnest, impetuous manner. All of the *disjecta membra* have been examined with fascination and respect by a large number of critics, biographers and memoirists, but they have all but ignored the skeleton in Lawrence's literary closet: he was also a playwright.

There is in fact not just one skeleton but ten, and they are relics worth humoring. As plays, they are quite playable. Although two of them were produced in England some years ago, their subject matter and their dramaturgy are now badly out of style. Seen as part of a whole picture they are fascinating. They reveal Lawrence's gift for dialogue, and they show him working and reworking scenes and characters from his novels.

One play, *Touch and Go*, is an ill-thought and a qualification of the other. *Women in Love*, Lawrence's denunciation of England's industrial aristocracy. Three of the plays, echoing his autobiographical novel *Sons and Lovers*, are concerned with poor middle-of-England mining families in which domineering mothers are locked in hostile relationships with brutish husbands or acquiescent sons. The plays are mannered comedies in which Lawrence's woodenly twists denatured civilization and desexualized man. There is even a play, based on the Biblical David and Goliath, fuzzily explores Lawrence's peculiar cult of the demi-godlike ruler.

Essentially, the plays are like old books—useful for Lawrence in preparation for his other work. Somehow he knew from the time he finished them that they were no more than plays. "I enjoy so much writing drama," he wrote to Critic Edward Garnett. "They come so quick and easily from the pen—that you mustn't wait for them."

TIME, APRIL 10, 1964

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